

THE TEACHER'S HELPER, Subscription, \$2.00 per year.

Vol. VI.

NOVEMBER, 1899.

No. 4.

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CASTLE'S
• School •
Entertainments.

No. 3
FOR
Primary and Intermediate
Grades

BY H. D. CASTLE



CHICAGO:
A. FLANAGAN,
Publisher.

The Teacher's Helper is published monthly in Chicago by A. FLANAGAN.

Entered at Chicago Post Office as second class matter.

The **TEACHER'S HELPER**

Is the result of a wish on the part of the publishers to issue in cheap form Guides or Helps to Teachers on given subjects, and also excellent Supplementary Reading, at a low price.

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Subscription Price, \$2.00 per Volume. Any number 25c.

A. FLANAGAN, Publisher,
267 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

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School Entertainments, No. 3,

COMPRISING

RECITATIONS, DIALOGUES, CONCERT
RECITATIONS, DRILLS,
CHARADES, ETC.

37
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MUCH OF WHICH WAS WRITTEN EXCLUSIVELY

FOR THIS WORK

BY

Harriet Davenport
H. D. CASTLE.

CHICAGO;

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Castle's School Entertainments, No. 3

Recitations and Exercises for Primary Grades.

WHAT AM I?

BARNUM once had a funny freak,
And many wise men came
To argufy and classify
And give it proper name.

And so the argument profound
Waxed hot, and hotter yet,
Till (questionable settlement)
They called it, "What Is It?"

I have so many names I fear
Some showman, shrewd and sly,
Will come along and capture me,
And call me, "What am I?"

I'm mamma's "dove," and then her "deer,"
And then her "pussie" wee;
And, when I dust the chairs, real nice,
Her "little busy bee."

And, when I sing for papa,
A little "bird" am I:
And, when I have my red dress on,
"His little butterfly."

But Brother Tom's the worst one:
He calls me, "little kid;"
And, when I eat the apples up,
"A greedy little pig."

Then when I went to cross the brook
And slipped, and tumbled flat,
He helped me out and laughed to see
"The little drown-ded rat."

He says I'm "crosser than a bear,
A reg'lar little calf."
He says, "Oh, you're a daisy!"
Oh! I can't tell you half.

Sometimes I am a "little duck;"
Sometimes a "precious lamb;"
Sometimes, you will not wonder much,
I wonder what I am.

STEWED QUAKER.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

I DON'T like to be very ill—just ill enough to make
her,

(My grandmamma) say softly, "Child, I'll fix you some
stewed Quaker."

It's sweet and thick and very nice, and has molasses
in it,
And lots of vinegar and spice; you want it every
minute.

And being medicine, of course, you sip and say it's
dandy.
Just only think! it's medicine, and tastes like taffy
candy!

Now castor-oil and squills, and stuff that wrinkles up
your forehead,
And puckers up your mouth, and gags and burns,
are simply horrid.

I don't mind being ill at all, if darling grandma'll
make her
Nice dose she used to make for pa when he was
young—stewed Quaker.

—Harper's Round Table.

LITTLE FLO'S LETTER.

A SWEET, little baby brother
Had come to live with Flo,
And she wanted it brought to the table
That it might eat and grow—
“It must wait for a while,” said grandma,
In answer to her plea,
“For a little thing that hasn't teeth
Can't eat like you and me.”

"Why hasn't it got teeth, grandma?"

Asked Flo, in great surprise;

"Oh, my! but ain't that funny?

No teeth, but nose and eyes?

I guess" (after thinking gravely),

"They must have been fordot.

Can't we buy him some like grandpa's,

I'd like to know why not?"

That afternoon to the corner

With paper, pen and ink

Went Flo, saying, "Don't talk to me.

If you do, it'll stop my think!

I'm writing a letter, grandma,

To send away to-night;

And 'cause it's very 'portant

I want to get it right."

At last the letter was finished,

A wonderful thing to see—

And directed to "God in Heaven."

"Please read it over to me,"

Said Little Flo to her grandma,

"To see if it's right, you know."

And here is the letter written

To God from little Flo:—

"Dear God, the baby you brought us

Is awful nice and sweet,

But 'cause you forgot his tofies,

The poor, little thing can't eat;

That's why I'm writing this letter
A purpose to let you know,
Please come and finish the baby,
That's all. From Little Flo."

THE ATTRACTION OF LEVITATION.

BY H. G. PAINE.

"O H dear!" said little Johnny Frost,
"Sleds are such different things!
When down the hill you swiftly coast
You'd think that they had wings;

"But when uphill you slowly climb,
And have to drag your sled,
It feels so heavy that you'd think
'Twas really made of lead.

"And all because an Englishman,
Sir Isaac Newton named,
Invented gravitation, and
Became unduly famed;

"While if he had reversed his law,
So folks uphill could coast,
It seems to me he would have had
A better claim to boast.

“Then coasting would all pleasure be;
 To slide up would be slick!
 And dragging sleds downhill would be
 An awful easy trick!”

—Harper's Round Table.

TRYING TO BE GOOD.

A LITTLE Bunnie Longears was resting in the
 wood,
 A-thinking and a-studying the best way to be good.
 Said he: “It's very plain to me that such a length
 of ear

Was given me to indicate that I should try to hear.”

1 He lifted up his left ear, and lifted up his right,
 2 And he listened, and he listened with all his little
 might;

And the first thing that this Bunnie heard it
 chanced to be a sound.

3 So, whisk! away he scampered to his burrow in the
 ground.

—Arthur J. Burdick.

1 Pull top of left ear up, then top of right.

2 Hand back of ear, as if listening.

3 Run off platform.

INTERVIEWING SPECKLE.

“CUT-cut-cut-ka-dar-cut!”
 Hear old speckletop.

“Cut-cut-cut-ka-dar-cut!”

When you going to stop?

“Cut-cut-cut-ka-dar-cut!”

Say, old yellow legs,
Won't you please to tell me
Where you lay your eggs?

Just a week from Sunday
Will be Easter day,
And I'm very anxious
All the hens should lay.

Don't I like to find eggs
And hide them safe away!
I've an even dozen
Hidden in the hay.

Most provoking chicken
Ever was, I think.
I can 'most imagine
That I see her wink;

Asking, with head sideways,

[Stand on one foot and hold head sideways.]

Standing on one leg,
“Don't you wish I'd tell you
Where I put my egg?”

Wait 'till I find something [Look about.]
Nice and soft to fling. [Pick up apple.]
Here's a rotten apple:
Shoo! you mean old thing.

[Fling apple.]

—Harriet D. Castle.

AN UNNATURAL MOTHER.

SHE looked as sweet a mamma
As one could wish to see;
I often thought "How happy
That child of hers should be."
She oft caressed it fondly,
'Twas robed with tender care—
She fed and taught it kindly,
And brushed its golden hair.

Wherever duty called her,
The "precious child" must go;
'Twas warmly wrapped and carried
Thro' rain, or shine, or snow,
But oh! a dreadful story—
Too true—I tell you now—
She tired of her dear baby
And fed it to the cow.

And when I, sad, reproachful,
Deplored her fickle mind,
The answer which she gave me
Was anything but kind—
While 'round her lips there hovered
A little scornful curl:
"You certenney is stressed
'Bout that old punkin girl."

—Cora A. Lewis.

IF THEY COULD!

IF potatoes could see with all of their eyes,
And if corn could hear with its ears,
They'd grow in one season so wondrously wise
They'd never be eaten, my dears!

—Emma C. Dowd.

BUTTERFLY BOWS.

BY MILDRED HOWELLS.

ONCE a little girl existed
Who was fond of pomps and shows,
And upon her braids insisted
Tying two great scarlet bows.

Though her father couldn't bear them,
And her gentle mother said
That she wished her child should wear them
Tied with modest bows instead.

But their wishes she made light of,
And her gaudy ribbons grew
Bigger every day, in spite of
All her friends could say or do.

Till this child, all counsel spurning,
Found with horror and surprise
That her bows were slowly turning
Into monstrous butterflies.

First they gently swayed and fluttered,
Then with spreading wings they flew.
Ere one sad farewell was uttered,
Straight into the welkin blue.

So she vanished; still her mother
Hopes those wandering bows will bring
Back her daughter, when the other
Butterflies return with Spring.
—Harper's Round Table.

IF! IF!

IF every boy and every girl,
Arising with the sun,
Should plan this day to do alone,
The good deeds to be done;

Should scatter smiles and kindly words,
Strong, helpful hands should lend;
And to each other's wants and cries
Attentive ears should lend;

If every man and woman, too,
Should join these workers small,
Oh, what a flood of happiness
Upon our earth would fall!

How many homes would sunny be
Which now are filled with care!
And joyous, smiling faces, too,
Would greet us everywhere.

I do believe the very sun
Would shine more clear and bright,
And every little twinkling star
Would shed a softer light.

But we, instead, must watch to see
If other folks are true,
And thus neglect so much that God
Intends for us to do.

— PRISCILLA. —

MILES STANDISH was a fellow
Who understood quite well, oh,
In fighting with the redskins how to plan, plan, plan.
But I think him very silly
When he wished to woo Priscilla
To send another man, man, man.

For she said unto this other,
Whom she loved more than a brother,
“Why don’t you speak, John Alden, for yourself, self,
self?”
So of course John Alden tarried,
And the fair Priscilla married,
And they laid poor Captain Standish on the shelf,
shelf, shelf.

—Harper’s Round Table.

SO PUZZLED.

DEAR mamma I'm so puzzled
I don't know what to do.
Here's t-o, to, t-o-o, too, and t-w-o, two
And how to spell them, when I write,
I cannot tell: can you?

If you want to go to grandpa's
You'll spell it, t-o, to:
And if our baby Bess should want
To go along with you
She'd have a crying spell and say,
Take me t-o-o, too.

If grandpa gave two apples
To you and two to Bess,
You'd say, "I have two apples!"
T-w-o, two, I guess.

Oh! I want to go to grandpa's,
And Bessie may go, too,
And get those two big apples,
Dear mamma, thanks to you,
Those little twos won't bother me;
I know them through and through.

—Harriet D. Castle.

IF I WAS MY PAPA.

IF I was my papa and papa was me
I'd be just as good to him as I could be.
I'd say, "Hello, Jimmie! run on and play ball;
You needn't mind doing the chores up, at all:"
Or, "Go wade in the brook, it's so 'freshing and cool:
Lots more fun, for a boy, than going to school:"
Or, "Tear around, Jimmie, and raise gen'ral rim;
Just give me a boy that's brim full of vim."
But, as he isn't me and I am not him,
I'd better be getting that kindling wood in.

—Harriet D. Castle.

WHEN TEDDY SMITH.

WHEN Teddy Smith first put on pants,
He felt so very grand
He wouldn't mind his mother,
Or he wouldn't hold her hand.

But on the street he walked ahead,
And tried to whistle some.
He thought perhaps he'd go to war,
And fire an awful gun.

He wouldn't ride his hobby-horse,
He called Jack Spratt "a fib!"
He sat at meals in father's chair,
And scorned his gingham bib.

His mother mustn't spread his bread,
Nor cut things on his plate;
She mustn't say, "No more, my dear!"
No matter what he ate.

She mustn't kiss him when he fell
And bumped him on the stones,
And she must say, "Dear sir," just as
She did to Mr. Jones!

So hard to please this gentleman
His loving mother tried,
It quite enlarged his dignity,
And swelled his lofty pride.

And all was brave, and all was well,
Until that mother said,
At eight o'clock, "Of course, dear sir,
You'll go alone to bed!"

Ah, would you have me say what then
Befell the great big man?
For if you undertake to guess—
I hardly think you can!

He turned the corners of his mouth
Most fearfully awry,
He rubbed his grown-up fist awhile
Across his grown-up eye,

Then burying in his mother's lap
Both pride and manly joy,
He said in just the littlest voice,
"I guess I'm just a boy!"
—Catherine Young Glen, Youth's Companion.

"HANDLE WITH CARE."

LOOK out, little woman!
Look out, little man!
Do be as careful
As ever you can.
For each of you carries
A treasure too rare
To risk any trifling;
So "Handle with care!"

Your soul is the treasure,
And day after day
You make it as black
Or as white as you may;
So mind what comes nigh
And heed where you go—
Your soul is eternal
For weal or for woe.

—Judith L. C. Garnett.

“FRITZ.”

HAS anybody seen my “Fritz?”
You may not think him pretty,
But he’s the dog that I love best
In country or in city.
His hair’s a sort of grizzly gray,
And not so very curly;
But he can run like everything,
And bark both late and early.

Sometimes he minds me very well;
And sometimes when I call
He only sits and wags his tail
And does not stir at all.
But the reason why he acts that way
Is very plain to see;
Fritz doesn’t know that he’s my dog—
He thinks that he owns me.

So, though he has a heap of sense,
’Twould be just like him, now,
To think that I’m the one that’s lost,
And with a great bow-wow
To go off hunting for his boy
Through alley, lane and street,
While I am asking for my dog
Of everyone I meet.
—Rebecca Palfrey Utter, in St. Nicholas.

OLD UNCLE JOE.

WE were laden with flowers, Star and I,
For the soldiers' graves, Memorial Day,
When we passed Uncle Joe's small cottage by,
Uncle Joe on the door-step wrinkled and gray.

"Shall I carry him these?" Star whispered low,
And ere I could answer away she flew,
And the black, withered hands of old Uncle Joe
Held the choicest blooms that my garden knew.

"You should keep them all for the soldiers, Star,"
I said, in reproof, as the child came back;
"But he was a soldier, too, Mamma,
And he is so old and lame and black!"

"But those were to put on the graves, you see;"
She drooped for a moment her golden head,
Then her eyes grew bright: "It seems to me
He will like them as well as if he were dead."
—Emma C. Dowd.

TAKING A PICTURE OF KITTY.

I TOOK my kitty yesterday
To have her picture made;
They wanted me to hold her still
Because she was afraid.

(I never have my picture took,
Because I always cry
When it begins to stare at me,
That awful camera's eye.)

My kitty wiggled all about
And stood upon her head,
And I forgot the camera
Until—"All done!" they said.

But when the picture came it was
The queerest thing—you see,
The kitty didn't show at all—
The picture was of me!
—Little Men and Women.

THE NEW STAR.

[Boy with flag.]

HURRAH for the jolly stars and stripes!
Wherever they may fly.
Hurrah for the great United States!
Hurrah for the Fourth of July!

I think this flag is the grandest flag
Of all that float; don't you?
With its brave bright bars and shining stars
And it's field of good, true blue.

My father says a brand new star
Will be on it pretty soon.
I'd like to know where they'll get it, though.
Will they buy it of the moon?

They'll get it out of the sky, no doubt;
That's where the stars all grow.
The United States can get them first rate,
Whenever she wants them, you know.
—H. D. Castle.

THE SAD STORY OF THE MOUSE.

BY KATHARINE PYLE.

ONE winter, when mamma was ill,
And scarce could move at all,
There used to come a little mouse
From out the bedroom wall.

Mamma would scatter crumbs for it;
'Twas company, she said;
She liked to see it run about
While she was there in bed.

And when mamma was well again,
The mouse would still come out,
And nose around in search of food,
And scamper all about.

At last one day—oh dear! oh dear!—
A naughty boy was I;
I set a trap to catch that mouse;
I'm sure I don't know why.

I'd hardly closed the cupboard door
Before the thing went, Snap!
I was afraid to go and look
At what was in the trap.

At last I looked; the mouse was there!
I carried it away;
I never told a soul of it;
I could not play all day.

And after that mamma would say,
“Why, where's our little mouse?
It must have found some other place
I think, about the house.”

But, oh, I'd give my bat and ball,
My kite and jackknife too,
To see that mouse run round again
The way it used to do.

—Harper's Round Table.

THE FIRE.

CRICKLETY, cracklety, I am the Fire!
Cricklety, cracklety, cree!
Flickering, flackering, higher and higher,
What is so pleasant to see?

Winter winds may be piping drearily,
Snow in a blinding whirl,
Come to me and I'll warm you cheerily,
Dear little boy and girl.

Scarlet and gold my flames go leaping,
Sparkles glitter and die;
Curling, swirling, quivering, creeping,
Ever at work am I.

Wood or coal, however you feed me,
I'm your friend whenever you need me,
Roar away, soar away, higher and higher,
Cricklety, cracklety, I am the Fire!
—Laura E. Richards, in St. Nicholas.

SOMETHING UNUSUAL.

HE hunted through the library,
He looked behind the door,
He searched where baby keeps his toys
Upon the nursery floor;
He searched for cook and Mary,
He called mamma to look,
He even started sister up
To leave her Christmas book.

He couldn't find it anywhere,
And knew some horrid tramp
Had walked in through the open gate
And stolen it, the scamp!

Perhaps the dog had taken it
And hidden it away:
Or else perhaps he'd chewed it up
And swallowed it in play.

And then mamma came down the stairs,
Looked through the closet door
And there it hung upon its peg,
As it had hung before,
And Tommy's cheeks turned rosy red,
Astonished was his face.
He couldn't find his cap—because
'Twas in its proper place!

—Emma Endicott Marean, in *Youth's Companion*.

A CIRCUS EVERY DAY.

O H, what a circus a circus life must be,
Parading every morning for admiring folks to
see!

Spangles, bangles everywhere,
Prancing, dancing ponies there.
Bands a-playing "Boom-ba-chink!"
Folks hurrahing—only think!
If it's such a lark to see it,
What fun it must be to be it!

Oh, what a circus, to know that every day
You can be a circus at the ladies' matinee,
Hanging by your toes and knees
On the flying, high trapeze,

Turning somersaults and things,
Riding round the triple rings—
If it's such a treat to see it,
What fun it must be to be it!

Oh, what a circus a circus life must be!
To have another circus in the evening after tea,
Then to travel, oh, so far!
In the "sacred heifer's" car,
While the engine goes "Whoot-choo!"
At the hop-toad kangaroo,
And the anthropoid grows frantic
At the ring-tail's newest antic.

Oh, what a circus a circus life—but say!
It might not seem a circus if we had it every day
Every morning a procession,
Every afternoon a session,
Every night another show
And then have to travel so.
Oh, it may be fun to see it,
But think what a bore to be it!

—Edmund Vance Cooke.

UP-AND-DOING.

O F course, you all have heard about
The Up-and-Doing Land, I know,
Geographies have left it out,
But 'tis not very far to go

To find its cities, old and new,
And all its happy people, too.

For Up-and-Doing Land is true,
And not a fairy-land, at all;
And all have work enough to do
To keep them busy, great and small,
The Up-and-Doing people are
The busy people, near and far.

The children always find a way
To keep the idle strangers out;
And whether at their work or play,
They're bright and wide awake, no doubt.
Take warning, when you loiter down
The streets of Up-and-Doing Town.
—Frank Walcott Hutt.

A WINTER NAP.

I N their merry ramble,
Soft spring breezes look
For the little pussies
That frolic by the brook;

Climbing up the willows,
Funny, furry balls,
Swinging on the branches,
Never getting falls.

Pussy, pussy, pussy,
Wake from your long doze!
Jack Frost's gone a journey,
He'll not pinch your toes.

Pussy, pussy, pussy,
Lazy little things!
Sleepy pussy willows,
Waken! It is spring.

—H. D. Castle.

BOBBY'S TROUBLE.

I 'M generally contented
Than any boy I know,
I'm satisfied most always
Whate'er may come or go.
But this time I'm dissatisfied,
A most peculiar biz!
There's something that I want to do,
But I don't know what it is.

—Harper's Round Table.

DOLLY'S LESSON.

[Little girl with doll and primer.]

COME here, you nigoramus!
I'm 'shamed to have to 'fess
You don't know any letter
'Cept just your cookie S,

Now listen, and I'll tell you—
This round hole's name is O,
And when you put a tail in
It makes it Q, you know.

And if it has a front door
To walk in at, it's C.
Then make a seat right here
To sit on, and it's G.

And this tall letter, dolly,
Is I, and stands for me;
And when it puts a hat on,
It makes a cup o' T.

And curly I is J, dear,
And half of B is P.
And E without his slippers on
Is only F, you see!

You turn A upside downwards,
And people call it V;
And if it's twins, like this one,
W 'twill be.

Now, dolly, when you learn 'em,
You'll know a great big heap—
Most much's I—O dolly!
I b'lieve you've gone asleep!

YOUNG PATRIOTS.

WHAT do you think Mother Robin found
 Upon the ground
When she was joyously working away,
 One bright spring day,
Building a cozy summer nest
For many a little downy guest?

Stripes of red and stripes of white
 In the sunshine bright,
With shining stars on a field of blue,
 She found; don't you
Think she was very wise, and more,
To fly that flag beside her door?

And so, as you'd naturally think,
 The earliest blink
Out from under their mother's wings
 By the cunning things
Was straight at those stripes and stars so fair,
Beaming on them as they nestled there.

Believe it or not, as pleases you,
 But this is true;
When those young robins forsook their home,
 Afield to roam,
'Twas Fourth of July, and away they flew,
Singing "The Star Spangled Banner," too!
 —Sidney Dayre.

A NECKLACE OF LOVE.

NO rubies of red for my lady—
No jewel that glitters and charms,
But the light of the skies in a little one's eyes
And a necklace of two little arms.

Of two little arms that are clinging
(Oh, ne'er was a necklace like this!)
And the wealth o' the world and love's sweetness
impearled
In the joy of a little one's kiss.

A necklace of love for my lady
That was linked by the angels above.
No other but this—and the tender, sweet kiss
That sealeth a little one's love.

A WOULD-BE PATRIOT.

I 'D like to be a patriot,
I wonder if I can!
Papa says I am growing fast,
And soon will be a man.

I want to be a patriot,
Like General Washington;
But now there is not any war,
And so I can't be one.

If there's a war when I am old,
Real old, perhaps I might
Stay home and be a patriot,
And send my sons to fight!

I rather think I'd like that kind
Of patriot to be;
For battles are so dangerous,
I might get hurt, you see!

SMALL HANDS.

WHAT do you help to plant, my sweet?
A place for the cooing doves to meet.

And you? My hands have helped to raise
A shade for the lambs on summer days.

What do you plant? A sheltered rest
For twittering birds to build a nest.

Oh what, little one, do you plant to-day?
A leafy harp for the wind to play.

Hearts full of love, and hands which try
To brighten the world for by and by.

—Sydney Dayre.

A PUZZLE.

'TIS keen delight to play a joke
On Tom, or Grace, or Lloyd;
But when they play their jokes on me
I'm never overjoyed!

It puzzles me—a joke's a joke,
And yet the victim hates it;
The only one who sees the fun
Is he who perpetrates it.
—Emma C. Dowd, in *Youth's Companion*.

CHRISTMAS PIE.

“**L**ITTLE Jack Horner
Sat in a corner,”
Crying for Christmas pie.
Boo-hoo! for a plum
To pull with his thumb:
Oh, such a big boy to cry!

Good Grandma Horner
Spied, in the corner,
Dear little Grandson Jack.
“He should have some pie,
So, dearie, don't cry.”
Patting him on the back.

Good Grandma Horner
(Mamma did warn her
Pie didn't agree with Jack)
Cut generous slice.
'Twas gone, in a trice,
With many a smile and smack.

On country and town
The night settled down:
The children dreamed of Saint Nic:
The pendulum swung,
Like a tireless tongue,
With loud whispered, "Tick, tick, tick."

A sorrowful sound
Breaks the silence, profound:
Startled, they all awake.
Alas and alack!
'Tis poor little Jack
Who screams with a bad stomachache.

Jackie, bent double,
Cries, in his trouble,
"Send for the doctor! quick! quick!"
Grandma comes, too,
And says, "I just knew
That turkey would make Jackie sick."
—Harriet D. Castle.

A CARELESS MOTHER.

FOUR little kittens, no stockings or mittens
To cover their little pink toes!
In Tabby's soft fur they hide them and purr;
"Oh dear, we're most froze! no hose! no hose
To cover our little pink toes!

"How could wise mother cat be so careless as that?
To dress us in jackets of fur,

And leave our pink toes without any hose,
'Twas careless in her—pu-ur, pu-ur—
'Twas certainly careless in her."

—Harriet Davenport Castle.

THE SEAMSTRESS.

[Little girl in red chair.]

MISS DOROTHY DOT, in her little red chair,
Put her thimble on with a matronly air,

And said: "From this piece of cloth, I guess,
I'll make my baby brother a lovely dress."

She pulled her needle in and out,
And over and under and round about,

And through and through, till the snowy lawn
Was bunched and crumpled and gathered and drawn.

She sewed and sewed to the end of her thread;
Then, holding her work to view, she said:

"This isn't a baby-dress, after all;
It's a bonnet for my littlest doll!"

—Harriot Sterling, in St. Nicholas.

THE WIND IN THE CHIMNEY.

"OH, the wind in the chimney,
I hate the wind in the chimney!
It scolds and complains, and it never does tire,"
Says Harry, who's crouching down close to the fire.

Alas! Alas! What does the wind say?
"O Harry, you've been a bad boy to-day!
You've cheated at school, and cheated at play,
And worried and fretted to have your own way,"
Says the angry wind in the chimney.

"Oh, the wind in the chimney!
I love the wind in the chimney!
It laughs and it whistles, it sings and it crows,"
Says Johnny, who's warming his fingers and toes.
Ha, ha! Ha, ha! What does the wind say?
"O Johnny, you've been a good boy to-day,
So faithful in school, and honest in play,
And many a fellow you've helped on the way!"
Says the merry wind in the chimney.
—Mary E. Binyon, in *Youth's Companion*.

PRYING MARY.

BY KATHARINE PYLE.

O H, curious, prying Mary,
Why was it you would try
To peep in every bundle,
In every box to pry?

Mamma had often warned her,
But still she pried about,
And nothing could be hidden
But Mary found it out.

It chanced mamma from shopping
Brought in some things one day.
"Pray do not touch them, Mary," she said,
"While I'm away."

But scarce mamma had left her,
She scarce had closed the door,
Ere Mary stole on tiptoes
With haste across the floor.

She tears the paper open,
And stoops with eager eyes,
Puff! In her mouth and up her nose
The biting pepper flies.

"Hatchew! hatchew!" she sneezes;
The tears stream from her eyes.
"Who would have thought the bundle
Was pepper!" Mary cries.

"Hatchew! hatchew!" she sneezes,
The tears drip from her chin,
And while she still is sneezing
Mamma comes softly in.

She lifts her hands in wonder,
And Mary hears her cry,
"Some ill-luck always happens
To children who will pry."

THE OLD SINNER.

HE was a hundred and a day.
He slyly looked at me;
“Yeth, I have drunk and chewed and thmoked
Through all my life,” said he.
He was a hundred and a day,
And he was sturdy yet—
But, gentle reader, it was in
The poorhouse that we met.

THE MESSAGE OF THE NEW YEAR.

I ASKED the New Year for some motto sweet,
Some rule of life with which to guide my feet;
I asked, and paused; he answered, soft and low,
“God’s will to know.”

“Will knowledge then suffice, New Year?” I cried;
And ere the question into silence died,
The answer came—“Nay, remember, too,
God’s will to do.”

Once more I asked, “Is there no more to tell?”
And once again the answer sweetly fell—
“Yes! this one thing, all other things above,
“God’s will to love.”

JOHNNIE’S REFUGE.

TWO little feet trudging over the road—
Daylight was fading away;
One little face, very frightened and sad,
Watching the shadows at play;

Two little eyes looking up to the skies,
One little quivering chin;
Two little lips parted innocently
One little prayer to begin.

One aged form coming over the road—
Daylight was fading away;
One kindly face where from morning till eve
Flitted the sunbeams at play.
Two little eyes again raised to the skies;
Cloudless the one little brow—
“You need not take care of me longer, dear Lord;
I can see grandfather now.”

THE MERRIEST TIME.

[Little girl with parasol.]

THE merriest time? Why, kite-time,
Or the time for playing ball;
Or maybe you like rolling hoop
The very best of all.

But, “Here’s my own opinion,”
With a little laugh, cries Moll.
“The best is when I take a walk,
And carry my parasol.

“When muffs are packed in camphor,
And tippets put away,
When you needn’t always wear your cloak
In the middle of the day.

“Yes, I declare, the merriest time,”

With a dimpling laugh, says Moll,

“Is when I go to take a walk,

And carry my parasol.”

—M. E. S., Harper's Round Table.

GRANDPA'S GLASSES.

MY grandpapa has to wear glasses,
'Cause his eyesight is not very strong,
And he calls them his “specs,” and he's worn them
For ever and ever so long.
And when he gets through with his reading
He carefully puts them away,
And that's why I have to help find them
'Bout twenty-five times in a day.

But at night when we sit 'round the table,
And papa and mamma are there,
He reads just as long as he's able,
And then falls asleep in his chair.
And he sits there and sleeps in his glasses,
And you don't know how funny it seems;
But he says that he just has to wear them
To see things well in his dreams.

LETTING THE NEW YEAR IN.

IN the clean and cozy kitchen
Was a merry, merry din;
The children watched the Old Year out,
And watched the New Year in.

"I'll give them all a scare," said Ned;
"It's just the easiest thing;
I'll tiptoe 'round to the front door
And give the bell a ring,"

There fell a frightened silence,
Broken by little Nell;
"Why don't you let the New Year in!
I heard him ring the bell."

Then they rushed out and captured Ned,
Ere he had time to go;
They rolled him in the snowbank, and
They washed his face with snow.

And, when they dragged him in again,
The wondering baby said,
"Is that the New Year? Seems to me
That he looks just like Ned."

—H. D. Castle.

SO HANDY!

HE uses it in work and play,
In every time and place;
A whisk to brush the flies away,
A fan to cool his face;
A basket, all with flowers a-blow,
Or filled with apples red;
And when it's out of use, you know,
It's handy on his head.

It makes a trap for butterflies
When summer days begin;
It's just the very shape and size
To cuddle kitties in;
There's not a finer fishing net
For everything afloat,
And when a shingle's hard to get,
It answers for a boat.

To-day, when rang the dinner-bell,
He left it in a tree;
A robin mother scanned it well—
“A cozy house,” chirped she.
But even while the careful bird
Considered this and that,
The owner's cheerful shout was heard—
“Where did I leave my hat?”*
—Eudora Stone Bumstead, Youth's Companion.

* Place old straw hat, which he has been holding behind him,
on head and pass to seat.

RIDING HOME.

[Little Boy on a Cane.]

“MY feet's tired,” said little Richard,
When walking out one day.
“You'll have to carry me, papa,
All the rest of the way.”

“Why, you're too big to be carried,”
Said papa. “Where's your pride?
If you can't walk any farther,
Just take my cane and ride.”

So the steed Dick mounted quickly
And galloped off with glee.
"Riding is easier'n walking,
I'll soon get home," said he.
—Lida C. Tulloch, Youth's Companion.

ON THE SHELF.

UPON the Nursery Mantel
Sat little, fat Chin Lee;
And the Grief upon his Countenance
Was something Sad to see.

For lo! the lovely Pitti-Sing
Had turned her face away,
Nor given him a Single Smile
Through all the Dreary Day.

What had he done to Vex Her?
He tried in Vain to think,
Until his Eyes grew Dim and Pale
His Cheek so Round and Pink.

At last, as Darkness Gathered,
He fell into a Doze,
And when he Woke,—O joyous sight
That on his Vision rose!

The lovely Pitti-Sing had turned
Her Face to Him again,
And smiled upon Him as he gazed
With all her Might and Main.

“ ’Twas not my Fault,” she murmured,
So sweetly, “dear Chin Lee,
’Twas little Rosy turned my Head
This morning, don’t You see?

“And now she’s Turned it Back (alas,
We’re manufactured so!)
You’ll never Doubt me, Dear, again?”
He meekly whispered, “No.”

The shadows in the Nursery fell,
The candles glimmered Red,
And little Rosy had her Tea,
And nodding, went to Bed.

And on the Nursery Mantel
Sat little, fat Chin Lee,
And the smile upon his Countenance
Was something Good to See.

Beside him lovely Pitti-Sing
Sat smiling as Himself,
And all was Peace and Happiness
Upon the Mantel-shelf.

FOUR FRIENDS.

THE North Wind brings the snow,
The East Wind brings the shower,
The South Wind makes the fruit-tree grow,
The West Wind brings the flower.

And which one is the best,
When I love all so well,
The North or South, the East or West,
Would puzzle me to tell.

OUT OF THEIR ELEMENT.

I N a wide window nook, with a new picture book,
Sat Hazel, a wee maid of four.
Her blue eyes were bright, with surprise and delight,
As she fluttered the leaves o'er and o'er.

"Oh, mamma, see here! Oh! isn't it queer?
Here are wee little girlyies, like I,
With nothing to wear 'cepting wings; and see there!
They are flying around in the sky."

"They are angels, dear child," mamma said, with a smile;

"They live with Our Father, in Heaven,
Beyond the soft blue. To me and to you,
Some day the same home will be given."

Later on in the day, out with Johnnie at play,
She looks up with wonder-wide eyes,
In the hazy blue sky the wild birds float by:
"Oh, see all those angels!" she cries.

Then Johnnie laughed out, with a whoop and a shout,
"Oh, you are too funny for use!
That's a flock of wild geese," said Johnnie, the tease,
"And you are a little tame goose."

Then impatient she grew, just as older folks do,
When their beautiful dreams turn to dust.
“They’d better just tend to their swimmin’, I fink,”
Said the wee little maid, in disgust.

—Harriet D. Castle.

WHY BABY LOOKS UP.

LOOKING for angels, Dorothy dear?
Look for the angels hovering near;
They will gaze with joy from the bright blue skies
To look into Dorothy’s bright blue eyes;
Angels so fair and wise and white,
Clothed in their beautiful robes of light,
Shall watch over Dorothy night and day,
That Dorothy never may wander astray.

Look for the angels, Dorothy love,
Gaze on them, dearie, smiling above;
They’ll beam on you, sweet, from the Far Away
And know what you think but cannot say;
And they’ll make you beautiful, dearie—fair
As the fairest of angel faces there;
And you’ll join the throng some day and sing
In the palace home of the Father King!

—Rev. J. Pollock Hutchinson.

JINK'S CHOICE FOR PRESIDENT.

BY CHARLES ABINGDON PHILLIPS.

THEY'VE just had lots of trouble
'Round our house this whole fall;
And every one was busy—
Didn't look at me at all;
Kept a talkin' about money,
Of a Pres'dent who should be
Just the man the people wanted;
But they missed it, seems to me.

I guess we should say about it
Just as much as bigger folk;
An' we want a nice big Pres'dent
Who can laugh and play a joke:
An' if they'd consulted children,
We'd all agreed, because,
Though we'd a let the girls voted
We'd all been for Santa Claus.

An' then I'd 'a been postmaster,
An' all the mail would be
Some box, or pack, or somethin',
With some presents for us—See?
So you big folks stop your shoutin',
And let us vote next time, too;
Then we'll all be better cared for—
So I think—now, don't you?

—In Rosebuds,

HE DOESN'T LOOK LIKE ME.

I 'VE got a brand new brother,
They say he looks like me;
Why! I'd be 'shamed to see myself
If I looked just like he.

I think he looks like grandpa,
He does, now, I declare;
He's wrinkled up, just like him,
And hasn't any hair.

I'm 'fraid he's got the measles,
His face is drefful red.
I think he needs hot catnip tea
And wet rags on his head.

There now! just hear him crying;
He's cross as he can be.
He doesn't look the leastest,
Leastest little bit like me.

—Harriet D. Castle.

THE PIT.

“WHAT is nis funny, hard sing?”
Said funny little Ned,

“In ee midduh of my chewy,
My chewy, so pitty an' wed.”

“That is the pit,” said mamma.

“Oh es, now Neddie knows,”
Said the funny little fellow,

“Ee pit of it's tumnick, I 'pose.”

—Harriet D. Castle.

"IN A MINUTE."

HAS anyone found "in a minute we will"?
It's the place that the children all know;
When they're going to get up betimes when they're
called,
And to bed most willingly go.

Run errands for mother; the baby will take;
Stop reading when told to at night.
When we find "in a minute" the mothers will rest,
For children will always do right.
—L. E. Chittenden, in *Rosebuds*.

THE RACE.

THE race was on! with voice and whip
Each rider urged his steed
Around the track a score of times
At most tremendous speed,
And to the end my jockey's horse
Was always in the lead.

My jockey rides his prancing steed
With perfect ease and grace.
My heart beats high with love for him,
I watch his eager face;
It wears a most determined look;
He's bound to win the race.

With ringing voice he rushes on;
The race is nearly run.
The steed he rides strains every nerve;
This work for him is fun.
One more leap and then—hurrah!
My jockey's horse has won.

My bright-faced boy, just three years old,
Was that successful groom.
The course whereon the race was run
Was in the sitting room,
And, strange to tell, the horse that won
Was Mamma's kitchen broom.

—Thomas Holmes.

NAUGHTY CLAUDE.

WHEN little Claude was naughty wunst
At dinner time, an' said
He won't say "Thank you" to his ma,
She maked him go to bed
An' stay two hours, an' not git up—
So when the clock struck 2,
Nen Claude says: "Thank you, Mr. Clock,
I'm much obleeged to you!"

—James Whitcomb Riley.

MICKEY McGEE.

“**A**N’ sure ’tis mesilf is the fortunate b’y
As Christmas is comin’ for you an’ for me;
It’s thruly a big share o’ blessin’s have I
At this blessed season,” said Mickey McGee.

“My shtockin’ I hung on the floor when ’twas night,
An’ thin was ashlope like a log, in a minute.
An’ whin I awoke wid the morn all alight,
What would ye be guessin’ was soon found widin it?

“The liveliest feet for a shkip or a run
To carry a heart that’s as light as a feather,
Along wid an eye for the beam o’ the sun,
A share in the light an’ the wind an’ the weather.

“A share in the gladness that comes wid the day,
The peace an’ good-will that’s for you and for me.
So over the land an’ far over the say
To all merry Christmas,” said Mickey McGee.
—Sydney Dayre, Harper’s Round Table.

A QUESTION OF PEDIGREE.

“**N**OW who is that?” asked a dignified hen;
“That chicken in white and gray?
She’s very well dressed, but from whence did she
come?
And her family, who are they?”

“She never can move in our set, my dear,”
Said the old hen’s friend to her, later;
“I’ve just found out—you’ll be shocked to hear—
She was hatched in an incubator!”

—Harper’s Round Table.

IF I WAS MY MAMMA.

IF I was my mamma, and mamma was I,
I’d feed her on frost cake and nice lemon pie,
’N not scare her by saying she’d get sick and die.
I’d give her a penny whenever she’d ask;
And never once give her a lesson or task.
She should wear her best dresses around every day,
And I’d never scold when she soiled them at play.

I’d buy her new dollies, the beautiflest kind;
And never would make her keep quiet and mind.
I’d just let her talk when there’s comp’ny, too,
And stay up real late, just as older folks do.
I’d be just as kind and p’lite as I could,
And send her to grandma’s when she wasn’t good.

[A thoughtful pause.]

I s’pose she’d enjoy it; but then what if she
Should grow up as naughty and bad as could be?
’Twould worry and trouble me drefful, you see;
So I guess I would treat her like mamma does me.

—Harriet D. Castle.

Primary Class Recitations.

JUST LIKE OUR PAPAS DO.

[For six little boys.]

[All.]

WE are our papa's little men
His followers stanch and true;
And we can do most everything
Just like our papas do.

[Farmer with hoe; sleeves rolled up; overalls.]
My papa is a farmer;
He sows and plants and hoes;
And I can sow and plant and hoe
Just like my papa does. [Hoes.]

[Baker.—Cap, apron, pan and spoon.]
I'm the flower of the family,
The baker's little man;
And I can stir you up a cake
Good as my papa can.
[Seats himself on floor. Stirs flour in pan.]

[Soldier.—Paper cap, flag over shoulder.]

My papa is a soldier,
And when I am a man,
I'll make the Filipinos run
Fast as my papa can. [Struts.]

[Tailor.—With utensils for sewing.]

My papa is a tailor,
The man that gives you fits.
Now don't I look like papa?
This is the way he sits.
[Seats himself in tailor fashion; sews.]

[Doctor.—With medicine case. Wears high hat and glasses.]

My papa is a doctor,
And gives folks bitter pills.
What's the matter with the baker?
He's looking very ill.
[Takes out watch. Feels baker's pulse.]

[Sailor.—In sailor suit.]

My papa is a sailor,
And sails across the sea.
Yes, my papa is a sailor,
And a sailor I will be.

[Unseen person calls, "Supper! supper!" Baker, doctor and tailor scramble to feet. All recite in concert:]

Our mammas all get supper;
Get good ones, I tell you!
And we'll go home and bolt them down,
Just like our papas do.

—H. D. Castle.

INFANTRY VOLUNTEERS.

[For a goodly number of small boys with soldier caps and toy guns. One carries a flag and another a drum. Play march while they march from the back of the room, or from some other room, and form upon the platform. After their speech they might march, in pretty figures, upon the platform before marching out.]

WE are a band of volunteers;
 We're small, but we are keen, though;
 We're going to help our Uncle Sam
 To fight the Filipinos.

We've got a dandy lot of guns.
 You ought to hear my pa, sir;
 He says, "Before the campaign's through,
 That we'll be wanting maw-sirs."

It's time that we were on the march;
 We have no time for talking;
 Before we reach the Philippines
 'Twill take a lot of walking.

—Harriet D. Castle.

MAMMA'S LITTLE MICE.

[All.]

MAMMA'S little, seven little, busy little mice
 (In braids or caps or curls);
 Mamma's little, seven little, brave little mice
 (Seven little boys and girls).

[Tim, armful of wood.]

One little mouse is gray-coat Tim
 (Braids or caps or curls);
 Leave the woodpile all to him,
 (Seven little boys and girls).

[Ledore, dust cap and broom.]

One little mouse is staid Ledore
(Braids or caps or curls);
She can make a bed or sweep a floor
(Seven little boys and girls).

[Estelle, with bell.]

One little mouse is deft Estelle
(Braids or caps or curls);
She sets the table and rings the bell
(Seven little boys and girls).

[Prue, with tea towel.]

One little mouse is lightsome Prue
(Braids or caps or curls);
Here are the dishes for her to do
(Seven little boys and girls).

[Joe, hoe over shoulder.]

One little mouse is field-mouse Joe
(Braids or caps or curls);
He handles the spade and swings the hoe
(Seven little boys and girls).

[Kit, with knitting.]

One little mouse is comely Kit
(Braids or caps or curls);
She will sit and knit, while the others flit
(Seven little boys and girls).

[Bib, in baby carriage.]

[All.]

One little mouse is Baby Bib
(Braids or caps or curls);

He coos and sings in his willow crib
(Seven little boys and girls).

Mamma's little, seven little, busy little mice
(In braids or caps or curls);
Mamma's little, seven little, brave little mice
(Seven little boys and girls).

—Mary E. Stone, in N. Y. Independent.

SOW ! SEW ! SO !

[Boy, motion of sowing grain.]

THIS is the way my father sows,
As up and down the field he goes,
Walking fast or walking slow,
Right and left the grain to throw.
Father knows,
While he goes,
That the grain thrown here and there
By and by good crops will bear.
All he loves will have a share
If the grain he throws with care.
So he throws,
So he goes.
Sow! Sow! Sow!

[Little girl with sewing.]

This is the way my mother sews
As up and down long seams she goes,
Working, singing soft and low,
While she's sitting there to sew.

Mother knows,
As she sews,
Jackets, trousers, aprons, too,
Johnnie's hat and baby's shoe,
Patching old, or making new,
Love runs all the stitches through.

This she knows,
So she sews.
Sew! Sew! Sew!

[Smaller boy.]

I can neither sow nor sew,
When I'm big, I'll learn then, though,
But while little, as I grow,
Little bits of love I'll show.

For I know,
As I go,
'Tending baby, calling Nan,
Running errands like a man,
Helping mother all I can,
Love will grow where it began.

Ah! I know,
See, 'tis so.
Little bits of love count up,
Like drops of water in a cup.
Fill it—so!
'Twill overflow!
So! So! So!

—Eva Lovett, Youth's Companion.

SPRINGTIME.

[Several boys with dandelions in buttonholes. Three little girls.]

[First Girl.]

MY! but you are dandies;
Finest ones we know.
With your new gold watches
You make quite a show.

[Second Girl.]

You are more than dandies;
Must be some great lions.
Have your watches chains, too? (Examine watches.)
Or do they just tie on?

[Boys.]

Ho, you girls are great ones,
Making such a fuss.
Guess you're like the watches:
They're just "stuck on us."

[Third Girl.]

Will you please to tell us,
Gentlemen so gay,
By your fine gold watches
What's the time of day?

[Boys.]

It's spring time, it's spring time.
Learn this little thing,
By our golden watches:
It is always spring.

—Harriet D. Castle.

EASTER JINGLES.

THE POPCORN BALL.

[Several small children with string of popcorn about necks and holding popcorn balls behind them, come forward hippity hopping.]

HOP, hop, pippity pop!
So the colonels all
Came out in white uniforms,
Ready for the ball.

[Hold up string of popcorn.]
Sniff, sniff, sniffity sniff [all sniff];
I smell something sweet.
Lassies getting ready, s'pose,
To make the ball complete.

Trip, trip, skippity skip;
Little children gay.
"This is just the nicest ball [hold up ball]
Ever was," they say.
[Hippity hop to seats, eating popcorn balls.]

—Harriet D. Castle.

MOTHER EARTH TO HER CHILDREN.

[Recitation for small children and a larger girl. The children come forward as Mother Earth calls them, and group themselves about her, observing the harmony of color. Dresses may be made of tissue paper.]

[Larger Girl.]

MOTHER EARTH was growing weary;
Her summer's work was done;
So she called her flower children
And tucked them, every one,
Underneath a soft white blanket.
"I feel so tired and chill,"
Said she, "I'll take a nap myself,
Or, really, I'll be ill."

Through all the day she slumbered, and
She slept through all the night;
She slept through all the winter 'neath
The blanket soft and white.
The saucy South Wind came along
And made her quite a scoff;
"Wake up! my lazy dame," said he,
And pulled the blankets off.

"Well, I declare!" said Mother Earth,
Awaking in a jiff,
"I must have overslept myself,
I feel so cold and stiff."
Then April Shower brought a draught
That made her feel like new.

She called, with many a merry laugh,
"Come, children, wake up, too!
Ho! little grass, my good green grass,
You've slept enough, I guess."

[Children in green come.]

"We're coming, coming, mother dear,
To make your new spring dress."

Mother Earth:

"Waken! daffodils and cowslips,
And dandelions, too."

[Children in yellow come.]

"We're coming with a golden chain,
Dear Mother Earth, for you."

Mother Earth:

"Wake up! my modest violets,
That always try to hide.
The spring has come, 'tis time you had
Your blue eyes open wide."

[Children in pale blue come.]

"We always know the time to wake
In our secluded spot.
The Springtime whispers, when he goes,
'Good bye. Forget me not.'"

Mother Earth:

"And have my sweet Spring Beauties
Been sleeping all this while?"

[Children in pink come.]

"We waited for our new spring suits,
All in the latest style."

Mother Earth:

"I hear my blue bells ringing
The same old merry chime."

[Children in combination of blue and purple.]

"We heard you calling, mother,
And thought 'twas breakfast time.
Your children, all, are coming,
But you don't need to wait;
The roses and the asters,
You know, are always late."

Mother Earth:

"Well, breakfast is all ready;
Warm sunshine, cups of dew;
And then we must bestir ourselves,
There's work for me and you.
The grass must put the carpets down,
And you must strew them over
With all the fairest flowers that blow,
With roses and with clover.
The trees are waiting for the leaves
To hang their curtains up.
But we shall work the better for
A little bite and sup."

[All sing or speak. May be omitted if desired.]

BREAKFAST OF THE FLOWERS.

Don't you hear the blue bells ringing?
Breakfast time! breakfast time!
Don't you hear the birds all singing?
Breakfast time! breakfast time!

Waiting breezes ask us not
 If we'll take it cold or hot;
 Ah! they are a fickle lot.
 Breakfast time! breakfast time!

Don't you hear the bees a-humming?
 Breakfast time! breakfast time!
 Song of welcome to our coming;
 Breakfast time! breakfast time!
 Though we have just wakened up,
 Will they know each little cup
 Holds for them the sweetest sup?
 Breakfast time! breakfast time!

Mother Earth is calling, calling,
 Breakfast time! breakfast time!
 Don't you hear the brook a-brawling?
 Breakfast time! breakfast time!
 Rain and sunshine, earth and air,
 Whisper to us everywhere,
 "Eat, and grow more sweet and fair."
 Breakfast time! breakfast time!

—Harriet D. Castle.

A BABY CHAIN.

[Several little tots, hold of hands.]

HEIGHO, a baby chain!
 What do you think?
 Each little rosy-cheeked
 Lassie a link.

Heigho, a baby chain!
What do you think?
Money can't buy it,
Not one bonnie link.

Rubies and diamonds,
What are they worth?
Here is the costliest
Chain upon earth.

—Youth's Companion.

GOING FOR THE DOCTOR.

[Little Boy.]

“WAIT a bit, my little miss;
What makes you walk so fast?
You've got the day before you—
The sky's not overcast.”

[Little Girl, with doll.]

“I'm going to the doctor, sir,
My darling doll is ill.
She's got a raging fever, sir;
I guess she's took a chill.”

[Boy.]

“Put bandages around her head,
And mustard to her feet;
And give her cambric tea to drink
And not a thing to eat.”

[Girl.]

“I tried that hours ago, dear sir;
The fever didn't abate;
And I lay all the trouble, sir,
To pudding which she ate.”

[Boy.]

“What if the doctor isn't in,
Or doesn't care to come,
Or charges, as he often does,
A most outrageous sum?”

[Girl.]

“Why, if he isn't in I'll wait!
What if his charge be high!
And do you think because of that
I'd let my dollie die?”

—Silver Star No. 7.

EXPELLED.

[An exercise for four girls and three boys.]

Mary.

[Comes on platform trundling large toy lamb.]

“MARY had a little lamb,”
So the old story goes.
“It followed her to school one day,”
As everybody knows.
Baa-a-baa-a.
As everybody knows.

Charlie.

[Comes on platform with horn.]

Charlie had a little horn
That went the self-same route.
Said he, "I'll show the boys at school,
How jolly it can toot.
[Toots horn.]
How jolly it can toot."

Jennie.

[Comes on platform leading small sister.]

Jennie had a sister small,
So very sweet and cute;
To school she followed, though she knew
That she ought not to do 't.
Ha-ha-ha-ha,
That she ought not to do 't.

Tommie.

[Comes on platform carrying drum.]

Tommie had a little drum,
And, as it couldn't follow,
He carried it to school to show
How he could beat them hollow.
[Beats drum.]
How he could beat them hollow.

Alice.

[Comes on platform carrying large doll.]

Alice had a big new doll,
Nice as you ever saw.
Said she, "The girls would like to hear

How she can say 'Mama.' "

"Mama, mama,"

How she can say "Mama."

Johnnie.

[Comes on platform leading small dog.]

Johnnie had a little dog;

It followed him to school.

He whistled for it, though he knew

"It was against the rule.

(Whistles.)

It was against the rule."

Teacher.

[Larger girl with glasses, apron and switch.]

The teacher had a dreadful day!

The lessons were not learned;

With sheep, doll, baby, dog and horn,

The children's heads were turned.

Dear me! dear me!

The children's heads were turned.

Children. [All together.]

Mary—Baa-a baa-a!

Charlie—Toots horn.

Jennie—Ha-ha ha-ha!

Johnnie—Whistles.

Tommie—Beats drum.

Alice—Mama, mama!

Teacher. [Hands to head.]

Dear me! dear me!

[The teacher's head is turned.]

Children. [In concert.]

It made the children laugh and play
 To see them all, no doubt;
 So, very sorrowful to say,
 The teacher turned them out.
 Boo-hoo! boo-hoo!
 The teacher turned them out.

[Knuckles and handkerchiefs to eyes. Repeat last two lines several times while passing from platform. Teacher follows, flourishing switch.]

OPINIONS.

[Little girl with hand on door-knob as if about to enter door; doll across the other arm. Little boy with bat across shoulder and ball in the other hand. View each other askance.]

Ralph's:

I WISH that girl had been a boy!
 I hoped a boy would move next door,
 For girls are always prim and neat;
 I know she'll be a bore!
 She will not want to wade or run,
 She'll never, never catch a ball,
 Nor climb a tree, nor fly a kite—
 Girls are no fun at all!

Winifred's:

Oh, I'm so sorry he's a boy!
 Two girls could have such splendid times
 At sewing doll-clothes, playing tea,

Or reading tales and rhymes.
Of course he'll hit me with his ball,
And make a dreadful lot of noise,
And play at soldiers all day long—
There is no fun in boys!

—Marion Beatty, Youth's Companion.

GOOD NIGHT.

[By a class representing the smaller members of a family.
Might be used for a closing piece. Children rub eyes with knuckles
and handkerchiefs.]

WE don't want to go to bed,
So we don't! so we don't!
We won't 'buse our children so,
No we won't, no we won't.

Brought a pan of apples up,
Nice and sweet, nice and sweet;
Brother Ned is cracking nuts;
Then they'll eat, then they'll eat.

When the fun is just begun
Clock says "Eight!" clock says "Eight!"
Little folks to bed must run,
Getting late, getting late."

Sorrowful, we children small,
So polite, so polite;
'S if we weren't cross at all,
Say good-night, say good-night. (Bow.)

—H. D. Castle.

FIVE LITTLE BOYS.

Joe.

I 'D be a fifer on the Fourth,
And lead the martial band;
To march through town,
All up and down,
And play on every hand.

Horace.

I'd like to be a G. A. R.,
With uniform so blue;
And sword of might,
And bayonet bright,
And soldier's knapsack, too.

Theodore.

I'd rather be a marshal,
And ride a prancing horse,
I'd take the lead
With my fine steed,
And wear a badge, of course.

Harry.

Oh, I would be an orator,
And where the crowd could see
I'd stand up high
On the Fourth of July,
And talk of liberty.

Roy.

Well, I would be just what I am,
A boy among the boys;
And go it strong
The whole day long,
With flags and fun and noise.

DOING THEIR BEST.

[Five Boys.]

[Five ways of constructing nests.]

WITH a sharp eye for business,
"Great pains I will take,"
Said the hawk, "to build platforms—
A fortune I'll make!"

"I'll make a good weaver,"
The oriole said,
"And weave for my children
A high swinging bed."

"I can't be a weaver,
That plainly I see,"
Mused the robin, then chuckled—
"A mason I'll be."

Said the modest bank swallow:
"A miner am I,
So I'll dig a cave palace,
High, roomy and dry."

“I’ll make,” said the woodpecker,
 “A carpenter good—
 I can earn my living
 By working in wood!”

[All.]

How many can tell us
 What lesson we learn
 From these feathered workmen?—
 ’Tis plain to discern.

—Adelbert F. Caldwell.

BABY QUARTET.

[Take the smallest children who are able to sing. Make them look as infantile as possible. Dress in long dresses and cover hair with pretty frilled caps. Seat them side by side, in little high chairs. Let them keep time, with rattles, while they sing. Negro babies would be cute, and bright red sashes would be an addition their toilet.]

Lullaby.

NOW the sun has gone to sleep,
 In the tree-tops high;
 Branches rock him, to and fro,
 Singing lullaby.

Chorus.

[Horizontal movement of rattles while singing chorus.]

To and fro, soft and low,
 Singing lullaby.
 Singing lullaby.

Little flowers have gone to sleep
In the dewy grass;
Breezes rock them to and fro,
Rock them as they pass.

Chorus.

By lo, baby, go to sleep,
Little sleepy eyes;
Mamma sings it, soft and sweet,
By lo, baby, by.

Chorus.

[Let the movement of music and rattles grow slower and little heads nod while singing last chorus. See that the sleeping attitudes are graceful. Let the accompanist still continue to play lullaby, softly. Burn red light.]

Recitations and Exercises for Intermediate Grade.

WE ARE TWELVE.

I SAW two brownies, in a dream
I had, last eventide:
The funny figures stood, demure
And silent, side by side.

One little elf was tall and slim
And stood up straight with ease;
The other had a curly head
And stood upon its knees.

When I asked the funny figures
To introduce themselves,
They answered, with a courtesy,
“Oh, mistress, we are twelve!”

[Let speaker write “12” on blackboard.]

I took the curly-headed one,
And stood her on my right;

[Erase “12” and place “2” on right.]

Then stood the slim one on my left,—

[Place “1” on left.]

It gave them quite a fright.

Then I said to them, quite sternly,

[Point to "1" and "2."]

"You're One; and you are Two,—
And all the wise men in the world
Will say the same to you.

"What shall I do with little folks
Who won't behave themselves?"

[Erase "1" quickly and place on left of "2."]

They rushed into each other's arms
And answered, "We are Twelve!"

[Erase "1" and place above "2." Point.—Speak sternly.]

You are a One, and you a Two,—
As any one can see;
And it is also evident
That One and Two make three.

[Draw line and write amount beneath—3.]

But the funny little figures
Were stubborn as could be;

[Erase and write "12."]

They jumped down, side by side again,
And said, "Nay, Twelve are we!"

Their stubbornness amused me,
And, to prolong the fun,

[Erase "1" and place on right of "2."]

I placed the slim one on the right
And called them Twenty-one.

[Erase "1" and place left of "2."]

One turned a backward somersault,
As quick as any wink,
And answered, somewhat saucily,
"Now we are Twelve! I think."
"Is curly head your wife?" I said,
"Your sister? or your cousin?"
And I've another name for you,—
You surely are a Dozen."

Upon her knee Two begged of me
"To vex them nevermore."
One looked so slim, and sad and thin,
In mercy I forbore.

—Harriet D. Castle.

A MESSAGE TO BOYS.

BY ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

My boy, the first thing you want to learn—if you haven't learned how to do it already—is to tell the truth. The pure, sweet, refreshing, wholesome truth. The plain, unvarnished, simple, every-day, manly truth, with a little "t."

For one thing, it will save you so much trouble. Oh, heaps of trouble! And no end of hard work!

And then, it is so foolish for you to lie. You cannot pass a lie off for the truth, any more than you can get counterfeit money into circulation. The lead-

en dollar is always detected before it goes very far. When you tell a lie it is known. Yes, you say, "God knows it." That's right; but He is not the only one. So far as God's knowledge is concerned, the liar doesn't care very much. He doesn't worry about what God knows—if he did, he wouldn't be a liar; but it does worry a man or boy who tells lies to think that everybody else knows it. The other boys know it; your teacher knows it; people who hear you tell "whoppers" know it; your mother knows it, but she won't say so. And all the people know it, and don't say anything about it to you, talk about it to each other, and—dear! the things they say about a boy who is given to telling big stories! If he could only hear them, it would make him stick to the truth like flour to a miller.

And finally, if you tell the truth always, I don't see how you are going to get very far out of the right way. And people trust a truthful boy. We never worry about him when he is out of our sight. We never say, "I wonder where he is! I wish I knew what he is doing! I wonder whom he is with. I wonder why he doesn't come home!" Nothing of the sort. We know he is all right, and that when he comes home we will know all about it and get it straight. We don't have to ask him where he is going and how long he will be gone every time he leaves the house. We don't have to call him back and make him "solemnly promise" the same thing over and over two or three times. When he says, "Yes, I will," or "No, I won't," just once, that settles it. We don't have to

cross-examine him when he comes home to find out where he has been. He tells us once, and that is enough. We don't have to say, "Sure? Are you sure now?" when he tells anything.

But, my boy, you can't build up that reputation by merely telling the truth about half the time, nor two-thirds, nor three-fourths, nor nine-tenths of the time; but all the time. If it brings punishment upon you while the liars escape; if it brings you into present disgrace while the smooth-tongued liars are exalted; if it loses you a good position; if it degrades you in the class; if it stops a week's pay—no matter what punishment it may bring upon you, tell the truth.—
Selected.

MAKE A PRESENT TO YOURSELF.

BY SAM WALTER FOSS,
Author of "Dreams in Homespun," etc.

GIVE your wife a handsome dress,
Give Irene a doll,
Give your boy a sled and skates,
They deserve them all;
Pile your gifts on every shelf,
Fill up every tray,
But——
Make a present to yourself
Now on Christmas Day:
Man of great or little pelf,
Make a present to yourself.

Give yourself a better heart
On an ampler plan,
Full of blessedness and hope,
Full of love to man.
Give to Bob and Sue their part,
Give to Dick and May,
But——

Give yourself a better heart
Now on Christmas Day:
Man of great or little pelf,
Make this present to yourself.

Give yourself a better soul,
Tuned to higher strains
Than the discords of the mart
And inglorious gains.
Give to each a generous dole,
Bess and Tom and Ray,
But——

Give yourself a better soul
Now on Christmas Day:
Man of great or little pelf,
Make this present to yourself.

Give yourself a better life,
Fed from deeper springs,
Fed from the eternal Fount,
Soul and source of things.
Give to friend and child and wife
All the gifts you may,
But——

Give yourself a better life
Now on Christmas Day:
Man of great or little pelf,
Make this present to yourself.

—Golden Rule.

WHEN MOTHER FEEDS THE CHICKENS.

A WHILE before the sun has rose,
'N' father builds the kitchen fire,
Our big black rooster crows 'n' crows,
'Z if his neck would never tire;
'N'en we get up 'n' feed the stock
'N' water Fannie, 'n' milk the cows,
'N' fix a gate er broken lock;
'N'en after breakfas' father plows
'N' mother feeds the chickens.

The pancakes Wallie wouldn't eat
'N' cornbread left on Marjorie's plate;
A scrap of toast, a bit of meat,
'N' all the stuff what no one ate,
She puts it in that wornout tin,
Throws out some grain, 'n' pretty quick
She hollers nearly 's loud 's she kin,
"Come chick! chick! chick! chick! chick! chick!
chick"—
So—when she feeds the chickens.

You'd ought to see old Top-Knot run,
 'N' Banty hop—he's hurt one leg—
'N' Plymouth Rock (the bigges' one—
 She lays a 'normous monstrus egg)—
'N'en Speckle, with her new-hatched brood,
 A-cluckin' to 'em 's hard's she kin,
'N' showin' 'em the nices' food—
 She gets it fer 'em out the tin,
 'N' pecks the other chickens.

Old Gray, our cat, comes snoopin' roun'
 'N' slyly peeks from hind the stoop;
'F any meat's there he is boun'
 'T shan't go to the chicken coop.
Now filled with all an owner's pride,
 Wee Willie comes with wondering eyes,
That look so brown 'n' bright 'n' wide;
 He loves to watch 'em, 'n' he cries—
 “'Des see my baby tickens!”

I love to ride the colt a lot,
 'N' go fer berries to the patch;
I love to see our dog 'n' Spot
 Get in a turble scrappin' match;
'N' tho' its kind-a quiet fun;
 I like it nearly best of all;
That's why I allus cut 'n' run
 To see 'm 'f I hear the call—
“Come chick! chick! chick! chick! chick! chick!
 chick!”—

When mother feeds the chickens.

—Will L. Davis.

THE BEGINNING.

WHENCE came the river, so strong and clear,
That waters the meadows far and near?
From a clear little spring,
Like a lustrous pearl,
Where the mosses cling,
And the fern-leaves curl,
On the hilltop's height
Bubbling up so bright,
Fed by mountain rain,
Without taint, without stain.

Whence came our Washington, good and grand,
Whose name is honored in every land?
From a stainless youth;
From the upright ways,
From the strength and truth,
Of his early days;
From a boyhood true,
Pure as mountain dew,
As unsullied a thing
As the clear hilltop spring.

—Persis Gardiner.

THE TOWN OF NOGOOD.

MY friend, have you heard of the town Nogood
On the banks of the river Slow,
Where blooms the Waitawhile flower fair,
Where the Sometimeorother scents the air,
And the soft Goeasys grow?

It lies in the valley of Whatstheuse,
In the province of Letitslide;
That tired feeling is native there,
It's the home of the reckless Idontcare,
Where the Giveitups abide.

It stands at the bottom of Lazy Hill,
And is easy to reach, I declare;
You've only to hold up your hands and glide
Down the slope of Weakwill's toboggan slide
To be landed quickly there.

The town is as old as the human race,
And it grows with the flight of years,
It is wrapped in the fog of idlers' dreams
Its streets are paved with discarded schemes
And sprinkled with useless tears.

The Collegebred fool and the Richman's heir
Are plentiful there, no doubt;
The rest of its crowd are a motley crew
With every class but one in view—
The foolkiller is barred out.

The town of Nogood is all hedged about
By the Mountains of Despair,
No sentinel stands on its gloomy walls,
No trumpet to battle and triumph calls,
For cowards alone are there.

My friend from the deadalive town of Nogood,
If you would keep far away,
Just follow your duty through good and ill;
Take this for your motto, "I can, I will!"
And live up to it each day.

—Wm. E. Penny.

CONCEIT.

A LITTLE dog barked at the big, round moon
That smiled in the evening sky,
And the neighbors smote him with rocks and shoon;
But still he continued his rageful tune,
And he barked until his throat was dry.

The little dog bounced like a rubber ball,
For his anger quite drove him wild;
And he said: "I'm a terror, although I am small,
And I dare you, you impudent fellow, to fall."
But the moon only smiled and smiled.

Then the little dog barked at a terrible rate,
But he challenged the moon in vain,
For as calmly and slow as the workings of fate
The moon moved along in a manner sedate
And smiled at the dog in disdain.

But soon 'neath a hill that obstructed the west
The moon sank out of sight,
And it smiled as it slowly dropped under the crest,
But the little dog said, as he lay down to rest:
"Well, I scared it away all right."

—Puck.

WHEN HARD TIMES CALLED AT OUR HOUSE.

HARD Times, one dark and dismal day,
Came knocking at our door;
Upon our happy family,
He ne'er had called before.

Quick sprang the father to the door,—
And stern and white his face,
As, with his strong right hand, he shot
The bolts and bars in place.

"Your blighting breath shall never reach
My children, home and wife;
Your clammy touch shall never chill;
I'll guard them with my life!"

Then bravely spake the eldest son,
"This stranger seems to be
Like Death, a never welcome guest,
With cruel, stern decree.

"Don't try to brave him all alone,
Heroic, tender father.
We'll do a braver, better thing,—
We'll meet him all together."

“Just let me have a look at him,”
Said merry Sister Nell.
And, as she peeped, she saw his hand
Had fallen from the bell.

“He doesn’t look so dreadful bad,
Though rather worn and plain.”
Then Hard Times smiled at brave, bright face
Against the window pane.

Then spake the gentle mother’s voice,
“He is a Heaven sent guest,
And shall we doubt one moment that
Our Father knoweth best?

“He knows our every hope and care,
Considers all our needs:
We’ll place our hand in His, nor fear
To follow where He leads.”

Though tears were on the father’s cheek
His face was like the dawn.
He threw the portals open wide—
And lo! Hard Times had gone.

—Harriet D. Castle.

AN ARBOR-DAY THOUGHT.

DEAR little hands so soft and small,
That set with loving care
Beside the little schoolhouse wall
These saplings brown and bare;

That plant them by the roadside, too,
And all along the dusty way,
What loving thoughts will follow you
For what you do to-day!

The traveler in the burning heat
Will thank the hands that made,
Above the dry and sultry street,
A green and pleasant shade.
Beneath these maples and these oaks
The children of a coming year
Will dream about the little folks
That set those old trees here.

The squirrel, chuckling all the way,
Will frisk the branches through,
The robin on the topmost spray
Will sing a song of you;
And all the tall and stately trees,
Each gently bowing as it stands,
Will murmur in the merry breeze,
"Thanks to the little hands!"

—E. H. T., Youth's Companion.

THREE WORTHY WORDS.

MY lad, three lessons would I write,
Three words upon your heart engrave,
Through all your life, to guide you right—
Be true, be kind, be brave.

Be TRUE, whatever may betide;
Speak, áct the truth at any cost;
Of little worth is all beside,
If trust in you be lost.

Be KIND, another's feelings heed;
Slight no occasion you may find
For gentle word and loving deed;
'Tis noble to be kind.

Be BRAVE, with courage true and strong;
Mind neither ridicule nor sneer;
To dare to do the weak a wrong
But proves the basest fear.

If you, my lad, these lessons three,
These simple words, your motto make,
Esteem and honor yours shall be,
With fortune in their wake.

—Philip Burroughs Strong, in *Golden Days*.

THE SUN AND THE WIND.

[Modern Aesop.]

WHEN the Easterly Wind and the hot Summer
Sun
Were walking together one day, just for fun,
They met, on their way, with a Traveler bold,
Who walked gayly on, spite of wind, rain, or cold.

“Just look at that fellow!” the Wind quickly said;
“I’ll wager I’ll soon make him bend his proud head.”
But the Sun interposed: “We have tried this before,
When I proved that my power equaled yours, and
much more.

“Let me rather try, and I’ll venture to say,
The cloak that he wears he will soon throw away;
Whereas, if you rudely insist on your right,
You will find he will surely hold on to it tight.”

So saying, the Sun gave a beautiful smile,
And smiled, and continued to smile all the while;
But the Traveler seemingly suffered no harm,
But said, “This is genial, and pleasant, and warm.”

The Sun now began in a furious way,
To send beam after beam, and then ray upon ray;
But the Traveler apparently minded them not.
For he simply remarked: “Ain’t it lovely and hot?”

The Sun gave it up in despair and disgust;
The Wind then remarked: “I suppose, if I must,
I still may succeed in the point where you failed.”
Then he blew such a blast that the Traveler quailed.

He blew down his neck, and he blew in his boots;
He blew till his hair was torn out by the roots;
He blew till the cloak was all tattered and torn,
And the Traveler wished he had never been born.

With some kinds of people it certainly pays
To adopt easy methods, and smooth, pleasant ways,
But others there are who will never give way
Till force and decision are brought into play.

—Robert S. Talcott, in *Golden Days*.

JOHN PAUL JONES, HERO.

WHAT'S in a name? Honor and fame
Care naught for empty sound.
Attached to humble cognomen
Grand records oft are found;
Which brings to mind one humble name
Once known in several zones,
A name where honor rests for aye—
The name of John Paul Jones.

When first he saw the light of day
In Scotland's fair domain
He lacked a name; the one they gave
Was John—most mortal plain—
But still as John he throve and grew,
And every one now owns
That deeds of valor can exalt
E'en such a name as Jones.

To freedom's shore came humble John,
And on Virginia's soil
He settled down to hum-drum life,
To earnest, honest toil,

With hoe and spade his bread he made
Amid Virginia's stones,
And soon was known for miles around
As honest farmer Jones.

But 'neath his cocked hat was a brain
(Likewise pigtail and cue),
And 'neath the breast of his long coat
A heart beat warm and true;
And when his country called for men
In urgent, eager tones,
One of the foremost to respond
Was "Farmer" John Paul Jones.

He sailed the main and mainly sailed
Where British vessels lurked,
Though oft outnumbered he ne'er fled,
Nor ever battle shirked;
And humble though his name, his deeds
Moved those who sat on thrones,
And hearts of kings quaked when they heard
The name of John Paul Jones.

'Tis useless to recount his deeds,
The world remembers still
How this intrepid sailor worked
The British navy ill.
We read his history with pride,
For all the world now owns
That true nobility attached
Itself to John Paul Jones.

What's in a name? Naught but the deeds
That are attached thereto.
Our hero honest was and brave—
Was loyal, valiant, true;
So honor to his name belongs,
And kind fate thus atones
For giving to him such a name
As that of John Paul Jones.

—Arthur J. Burdick.

THE CLOTHES MAKE THE MAN.

BY NIXON WATERMAN.

I T is simply a matter of dress, I say;
And the feminine half of the race, to-day,
Might hold, in our history, just as great
A place as the lords of high estate,
Had they been permitted to wear the clothes
And follow the selfsame styles of those
Who, having been born of the opposite sex,
Had never a worry their mind to vex.

Had Columbus and all of his valiant crew
Worn hats that the ladies of our times do,
They wouldn't have sailed in those damp, old ships,
'T would have taken the curl from their ostrich tips.
And I'm more than delighted brave Paul Revere
Didn't say on that night when the foe drew near,
"I'd like to warn all the folks, I declare,
But I haven't a thing that is fit to wear!"

Had Wellington dared but five minutes to wait,
In trying to fasten his hat on straight,
(While Napoleon's hurrying forces came,)
He wouldn't have climbed to the heights of fame.
And had Washington lingered to "frizzle" his hair
The night that he ferried the Delaware,
He couldn't have gotten his army away
Till the British had gobbled them up next day.

And so, I say, in the race of life,
The woman has more than her share of strife,
And man would find 't would be hard to gain
The prize if he had to manage a train,
A shopping-bag and a parasol,
And high-heeled shoes a size too small—
O me, O my! Why, he'd have a fit,
And he'd never, no, never! come out of it.

—L. A. W. Bulletin.

DE SHERMAN FROW.

DR. W. A. WOODWARD.

I AM von Sherman farmer's frow,
I feed de peeks and milks der cow,
I feeds my man mit tings dat's goot,
I build de fire and chops der wood;
Yet all deey long from morn til night
He trink him peer and smoke him pipe.

I digs der garten mit my foots,
I sows de seeds and plants der roots,
I bring der vater from the spring,
I vash up all him dirty tings;
Yet all deey long from morn til night
He trink him peer and smoke him pipe.

I feeds de cattle in the stall,
I house de lambs ven dey are small,
And throe the snow on winter's day
I feed de stock mit grain and hay;
Still all deey long from morn til night
He trink him peer and smoke him pipe.

I tells my maidens, if da can,
To find von sober, working man,
Who vorks der farm and does de chores
And looks to all tings out of doors;
Who lubs him frow an call her dear
And smoke no pipe and trink no peer.

—Iowa Homestead.

THINGS TO SEE.

W HERE have you been, and what did you see,
This sunny October day?
And why do you look so very wise,
O little boy Dick, and May?"

"We've seen such a lot of curious things—

A squirrel trying to fly!

And he did it, too, 'way over the brook,

From the walnut-tree so high.

"A chickadee hung by his toes, head down—

You'll hardly believe it's true!

But his cap stayed on! Dick said it was stuck

With a hat pin, perhaps, or glue.

"An owl looking out of his dungeon dark

In a hollow apple-tree,

Just spying his neighbors with blinking eyes,

And pretending he couldn't see.

"A woodmouse playing at hide-and-seek

With a squirrel in striped coat;

Some froggies, tired of leap-frog's charm,

Were sailing a peapod boat.

"A bluejay hiding his winter corn,

And watched by a squirrel red;

A woodpecker making a nice round door

In Farmer Hackett's shed.

"A cricket under a maple leaf

Playing the fiddle slow—

When it gets so late, then his toes get numb;

His leg is his bow, you know.

"A thistle dressed in his winter furs;

Some little wee birds at play;

And Bunny Rabbit behind a fern,
All ready to run away.

“Now four bright eyes, if they’re opened wide,
Find plenty of things to see,
When you hear what Mamiekins told to me,
I am sure you will quite agree.”

—Wm. J. Long.

THE LAND OF CHANCE.

C HILDREN, did you ever glance
At the lucky land of chance,
Where all things are regulated
By the merest circumstance?
Now, for instance, people there
Toss their garments anywhere,
And, if chance they thus mislay them,
Growl and claim, “It isn’t fair!”

Why, I’ve heard it said that they
Shirk their work from day to day,
Trusting to good luck to help them
Chance to find an easy way.
It’s a topsy-turvy land,
For, of course, you understand,
Every little thing, “just happens,”
And is never, never planned!

Many boys and girls, I guess,
Must have lived there more or less,

Judging by their careless habits—
Pretty bad, we must confess!
Chance is not a thing to trust;
To achieve success you must
Plan and work with will and method—
As some say, "Get up and dust!"

A STRIKE IN THE KITCHEN.

THE work in the kitchen was done for the day,
Teakettle and range in shining array,
The pots and the kettles hung neatly away;
The newly-scrubbed floor looked spotlessly white
As it lay in a flood of silvery moonlight.
The old-fashioned clock in the corner ticked slow,
Reminding that moments will come and will go.
The shadows were stretching themselves for a wink
When there came from the cupboard, just under the
sink,
Where kettles and spiders hung in a neat row,
A voice of complaining and muttering low.
"I want a vacation!" said old Mrs. Spider;
"And I want one, too!" said the skillet, beside her;
"And I want one, too!" said the big dinner pot,
"In dog days my work is insufferably hot."
"Mine too!" said the gridiron, "I thought I should
broil;"
And the flatirons said they were weary of toil.
Then the teakettle spoke, from its place on the range,
"I, too, am weary and sighing for change."

You couldn't imagine at all, I suppose,
What I suffer from that dreadful boil in my nose."
Then the range wakened up and sadly complained,
"I feel, if my manner of life isn't changed,
There is danger, indeed, of my going deranged."
"Let's strike!" said the poker, "I've no chance to
play.

Let's show them a trick. Let's strike, right away!"
A gentle voice came from the old fashioned clock,
"Your rashness, friends, gives me a terrible shock.
To the voice of experience, listen, I pray!
You know that I strike every hour in the day."
"That's so!" said the poker, "That's so! so you do;
And not one of us is looked up to like you."
Cross the face of the clock a swift shadow came,
"I struck wrong once, my friends, I say it with shame;
The dear little children were all late at school,
And counted imperfect, as that was the rule;
The dinner was late, and that made people cross;
Mr. S—— missed the train and suffered a loss;
I can't tell you all, it would take me too long,
Of the sad things that happened because I struck
wrong,

Now, if you must strike, be sure you are right,
Not just discontented; then strike with your might."
The hands of the clock, with the tenderest grace,
Chased the shadows of care from its pleasant old face.
All quiet; the shadows stretched out for the night,
While the old clock ticked softly, "Be sure you are
right."

—Harriet D. Castle.

A CHARM THAT AVAILS.

'T WAS a poor little fellow, in prospects and purse,
Who made the occasion for this bit of verse,
But he faced the great world with bravest intent,
'Though his clothes were disfigured by many a rent,
And his courage, as forth to the city fared he,
In search of a fortune was charming to see;
And these words to a light-hearted carol he set:
"Don't flurry, don't worry, don't grumble, don't fret!"

Now a bird in a tree standing stately and high
Had trilled him the song as he gayly trudged by,
And over and over, with cheering refrain,
The words kept repeating themselves in his brain
Until, to his fancy, a wise charm they seemed
To bring the good fortune of which he had dreamed.
And in the great city he could not forget:
"Don't flurry, don't worry, don't grumble, don't fret!"

Years passed and that boy now to manhood has
grown,
While joy and good fortune have long been his own;
For the song which the bird sang a charm proved
indeed,

Most potent—with labor—to fill every need.
And the man wonders now, in his life's busy round,
As he thinks of the trials and triumphs he found,
If the bird of the treetop is singing there yet:
"Don't flurry, don't worry, don't grumble, don't fret!"

—Ethel Maude Colson, Chicago Record.

WHO KNOWS?

SOMEWHERE in the length and breadth of our
land,

Our president—one-day-to-be—
Plays “leap-frog” and “tag,” with some lad whom
the world

Will yet a great orator see;
For every swift hour that’s speeding away,
Is helping to make the great men of some day!

In various nooks ’neath our star-spangled flag,
Our future wise senators sit,
In session ’round histories, grammars and slates,
With studious brows roughly knit;
And hearts all unconscious that they are to be
Bright stars in America’s proud destiny!

Now, laddie, who knows but that you may be one
Of our country’s brave, valiant men—
Its chief, or a maker of laws, or a son
Who’ll bring glory by saber or pen?
A name may be yours which to ends of the earth
Will shine like a star o’er the land of your birth!

Who knows? So, my lad, train your energies now,
For what they may yet have to do.
Be thorough! Let nothing be only half-done—
Say nothing half-honest, half-true!
Serve well in small things, howe’er humble their state,
And then you’ll be fitted to govern the great!

—Golden Days.

THE FIRST TANGLE.

ONCE in an Eastern palace wide
A little girl sat weaving,
So patiently her task she plied,
The men and women at her side
Flocked round her, almost grieving.

“How is it, little one,” they said,
“You always work so cheerily?
You never seem to break your thread,
Or snarl and tangle it instead
Of working smooth and clearly.

“Our weaving gets so torn and soiled,
Our silk so frayed and broken;
For all we’ve fretted, wept, and toiled,
We know the lovely pattern’s spoiled
Before the King has spoken.”

The little child looked in their eyes,
So full of care and trouble;
And pity chased the sweet surprise
That filled her own, as sometimes flies
The rainbow in a bubble.

“I only go and tell the King,”
She said, abashed and meekly,
“You know, He said in everything—”
“Why, so do we,” they cried, “we bring
Him all our troubles weekly!”

She turned her little head aside,
A moment let them wrangle;
“Ah, but,” she softly then replied,
“I go and get the knot untied
At the first little tangle!”

O little children—weavers all!
Our 'broidery we spangle
With many a tear that need not fall,
If on our King we would but call
At the first little tangle!

QUARTER TO NINE.

GOING down the grassy lane the other day,
First I met a merry little bumble-bee;
He was humming in a very jolly way,
So I said, “Your errand, prithee, tell to me.”
“Going to the lilac-tree,”
Said the jolly bumble-bee,
“Where there’s honey stored for me;”
And he bumble-bumble-bumbled on his way.

Then a little bird I saw upon a spray,
Singing demi-semi-quavers full of glee;
He so added to the brightness of the day,
That I said, “Your business, prithee, tell to me.”
“Going to the apple-tree,”
Said the little bird to me,
“There to feed my nestlings three;”
And he twitter-twitter-tweeted on his way.

Rippling o'er his pebbly bed in merry play,
Next I met a little brooklet, glad and free;
And he whispered in a very funny way,
So I said, "Your secret, prithee, tell to me."

 "Oh, I'm going to the sea,"

 Said the streamlet, glad and free.

 "Back in rain I soon will be;"

And he gurgle-gurgle-gurged on his way.

I had gone a little farther on my way,
When I met a weeping laddie, sad to see;
And his frown beclouded all the sunny day,
But I said, "Your trouble, prithee, tell to me,"

 "Oh, I'm going to school," said he,

 "There to learn my A B C,

 'Rithmetic and jography;"

And he boo-hoo-boo-hoo-boo-hooed on his way.

—Elizabeth Rosser, Youth's Companion.

COWSLIP GOLD.

“WE’RE bound for the Klondike!”

 Said Bennie, so bold,

“We’re bound for the Klondike!

 The river of gold.”

Away to the wood lot

 Went laddie and lass

The heavy, big gate they

 Called “Chilkoot Pass.”

Their dog team was Rover,
The best ever known;
They took for their dog feed,
A big, juicy bone.

Glad Brook was the Klondike,
So clear and so cold,
And on its green banks shone
The bright cow-slip gold.

They gathered by handfuls,
These miners, so bold,
Until they had all that
Their wagon could hold.

Then home went these miners,
So rich and so gay,
And gave all their gold to
Mamma, to assay.

She washed and (dish) panned it
Until it was clean;
Put it over the fire
To bubble and steam;
Then these miners partook
Of a dinner of greens.

—Harriet D. Castle.

EASTER IN THE WOODS.

THEY are risen! They are risen!
All the buried flowers at last,
From their dark and dreary prison,
In the cold earth frozen fast.
They are stirring, they are waking,
Through the gray moss they are breaking,
Through the withered grasses sere,
Through the dead leaves of last year.

Here are wind-flowers frail and tender,
Starry bloodroot open wide,
Trillium in snowy splendor,
Blue hepaticas beside.
At the joyous Easter weather
They have risen, all together,
In their beauty and their bloom
From the silent winter tomb.

Yes, it is a tale of wonder,
Old and yet a sweet surprise,
Every year repeated under
April sunshine and blue skies.
This is Nature's Easter story,
Told in her cathedrals hoary,
When the Easter morning smiles
Down the long, gray forest aisles.

—Helen T. Eliot.

TRY AGAIN.

IF at first you do succeed,
Try again!
Life is more than just one deed;
Try again.
Never stop with what you've done,
More remains than you have won.
Full content's vouchsafed to none;
Try again!

If you've earned a bit of fame,
Try again!
Seek a still more honored name,
Try again!
Sit not down with folded hands,
Cramp not hope with narrow bands;
Think what prowess life demands!
Try again!

If you've won on lower plane,
Try again!
Life is more than one campaign;
Try again.
Send your guidons to the fore,
Strive to seize one standard more,
Still ungained are palms galore;
Try again!

If at first you do succeed,
Try again!

For future harvests sow the seed,

Try again.

Rise with sacred discontent,

Realize that life is lent

On highest searches to be spent;

Try again!

—C. A. S. Dwight, Youth's Companion.

JES' 'FORE CHRISTMAS.

BY EUGENE FIELD.

FATHER calls me William, sister calls me Will,
Mother calls me Willie—but the fellers call me
Bill!

Mighty glad I ain't a girl—ruther be a boy
Without them sashes, curls an' things that's worn by
Fauntleroy!

Love to chawnk green apples an' go swimmin' in the
lake—

Hate to take the castor-ile they give f'r belly-ache!
Most all the time the hull year roun' there ain't no
flies on me.

But jes' 'fore Christmas I'm as good as I kin be!

Got a yaller dog named Sport—sick 'im on the cat;
Fust thing she knows she doesn't know where she
is at!

Got a clipper-sled, an' when us boys goes out to slide
'Long comes the grocery cart an' we all hook a ride!

But, sometimes, when the grocery man is worried and
cross,
He reaches at me with his whip, and larrups up his
hoss;
An' then I laff and holler: "Oh, you never teched
me!"
But jes' 'fore Christmas I'm as good as I kin be!

Gran'ma says she hopes that when I git to be a man
I'll be a missionerer like her oldes' brother Dan,
As wuz et up by the cannib'ls that lives in Ceylon's
isle,
Where every prospeck pleases an' only man is vile!
But gran'ma she had never been to see a Wild West
show,
Or read the life uv Daniel Boone, or else I guess she'd
know
That Buffalo Bill an' cowboys is good enough f'r me—
Excep' jes' 'fore Christmas, when I'm good as I kin
be!

Then ol' Sport he hangs around, so sollum like an'
still—
His eyes they seem a-sayin': "What's er matter, little
Bill?"
The cat she sneaks down off her perch, a-wonderin'
what's become
Uv them two enemies uv hern that use ter make
things hum!
But I am so perlite and stick so earnestlike to biz,
That mother sez to father: "How improved our
Willie is!"

But father, havin' been a boy hisself, suspicions me,
When, jes' 'fore Christmas, I'm as good as I kin be!

For Christmas, with its lots an' lots uv candies, cakes
an' toys,

Wuz made, they say, f'r proper kids, and not f'r
naughty boys!

So wash yer face, and bresh yer hair, an' mind yer p's
and q's,

An' don't bust out yer pantaloons, an' don't wear out
yer shoes;

Say yessum to the ladies, an' yessir to the men,

An' when they's company don't pass yer plate f'r pie
again;

But, thinkin' uv the things you'd like to see upon that
tree,

Jes' 'fore Christmas be as good as you kin be!

WHEN WE ARE MEN.

WHAT will we be when we are men?

We boys, with open brow;
Will we think, or say, or do things, then,
We'd be ashamed of now?

Will the height of our ambition be
To dress without a flaw?

To sport an eyeglass, swing a cane,
And be a dude, "ye knaw?"

Or like an engine will we puff (imitate smoker)
Along life's trial track?
Brains too befogged for a clear look
Ahead, or up, or back.

Or shall we ever learn to quaff
The fire-water down?
Will it make of us a demon?
Or a piteous, tottering clown?

And when we come to vote for this,
Our nation's weal or woe,
Will gold or liquor tempt us, then,
To let our birthright go?

Shall blind ambition cast its blight?
Or weary chase for gold?
Shall we e'er say that might is right?
Shall our warm hearts grow cold?

Boys, let our hearts, our deeds, our lives,
Be worthy offerings;
Our "footprints on the sands of time,"
Lead up to higher things.

—Harriet D. Castle.

THE DOODLE BIRD.

WHEN, just below the eastern sky,
'The giant Morning blinks his eye
And groans: "Oh, dear, I greatly fear
I have a long day's work in view!"

'Tis then that far and near is heard
The clear voice of the Doodle bird—
Insistently to you and me
It calls: "O'clock-a-doodle-doo!"

The Doodle bird is strong and bold
And dressed in colors manifold
And he delights in gory fights,
'Tis said—I hope it isn't true.
And ev'ry day at early morn
He wakes us with a scream of scorn,
Which (those who know will swear 'tis so)
Runs thus: "O'clock-a-doodle-doo!"

Now what an aggravating call—
To not tell what o'clock at all!
If it would say what time of day
We might arise from bed—would you?
Of all the birds that roost or nest
The Doodle bird is foolishhest,
Because he breaks his rest to jest
About "O'clock-a-doodle-doo!"

—Chicago Record.

THE MERCHANT'S CHOICE.

A MERCHANT, seeking for a clerk,
Addressed two boys as follows:
"Say, boys, which would you rather be,
Domestic ducks, or swallows?"

"I would rather be a swallow, sir,"
Replied one boy with vim,
"For swallows soar above the earth
While ducks just walk or swim;

"And ducks are such slow, stupid birds—
Such clumsy, waddling things—
They have hard work to walk at all,
And seldom use their wings."

"I'd ruther be a duck, I vow!"
The other boy replied,
"Fer all the needs o' ducks, yer see,
Are easily supplied.

"They never work, nor worry much,
They jes' trus' ter the'r luck,
A gently floating down the stream,
Oh, I wud be a duck!"

The merchant turned upon his heel,
What need to question more?
And now the boy who first replied,
Is head clerk in his store.

—Rufus Clark Landon, in N. Y. Observer.

MY MA, SHE KNOWS.

MY pa, he scolds me jes' becuz
He sez I'm gittin' tough;
He says my face is never clean,
My hands are always rough;

I'm not behavin' like I should
An' goin' wrong, I s'pose,
But ma, she takes an' pats my hand
An' smiles, becuz she knows.

My pa hain't got no use fer boys;
I s'pose he wants 'em men;
I wonder if he's clean forgot
The boy he must 'a' been;
Fer ma, she says they're all alike
'Bout face an' hands an' clothes,
An' says I'll learn to be a man;
An' ma, I guess she knows.

My pa, he says I ain't no good
At doin' anything;
I'd ruther fool away the time,
An' whistle, dance an' sing;
But ma, she smiles an' says I'm young,
An' then she up an' goes
An' kisses me, an' shows me how;
Fer ma, you bet, she knows.

My pa, he says I'll never be
A business man, like him,
Because I hain't got any "drive,"
And "get-up," "pluck" and "vim;"
But ma, she says, so solemn like,
"A man's a boy that grows;"
"An' boys must have their playin' spells;"
An' ma's a trump, an' knows!

My pa, he shakes his head an' sighs,
An' says he doesn't see
Where I get all the careless ways
That seem jes' born in me;
An' ma, she laughs, an' laughs, an' laughs,
Till pa's face crimson grows,
An' then she says, "'Tis very queer,"
But, somehow, ma, she knows.

My ma, she knows 'most everything
'Bout boys, an' what they like;
She's never scoldin' 'bout the muss
I make with kites and bike;
She says she wants me to be good
An' conquer all my foes,
An' you jes' bet I'm goin' to be,
'Cuz my sweet ma, she knows.

—Birch Arnold.

THE WATERING TROUGH.

BY SARAH K. BOLTON.

THE sun was scorching like the Simoon's breath;
Tired horses toiled along the busy street;
Patient and faithful, with no goal but death,
With parching tongues, and weary, aching feet.

Dogs panted as they ran, and looked in vain
For cooling water, by which all things live;
What God sends freely in refreshing rain,
A Christian city had forgot to give.

“What can I do for good unto the least?”

A woman mused, that sultry afternoon;

“Water unto the thirsty, man and beast,”

Whispered a voice, “would be the greatest boon.”

A simple trough was made; beside it stood

A new tin cup that glistened in the sun;

A trifling act it seemed, and yet the good

Could not be measured when the year was done.

Day after day, from morning until night,

The thankful horses never passed it by;

To her who gave it, ever a delight;

For what is life, but constant ministry?

The trough will do its work for years to come;

The worn tin cup its blessed use will show;

Others will build for creatures poor and dumb;

Who helps the world has made his Heaven below.

MAY BE SO.

BY RUTH McENERY STUART.

SEPTEMBER butterflies flew thick
O'er flower-bed and clover-rick,
When little Miss Penelope,
Who watched them from grandfather's knee,

Said, “Grandpa, what's a butterfly?”
And “Where do flowers go when they die?”
For questions hard as hard can be
I recommend Penelope.

But grandpa had a playful way
Of dodging things too hard to say,
By giving fantasies instead
Of serious answers, so he said,

“Whene’er a tired old flower must die,
It’s soul mounts in a butterfly;
Just now a dozen snow-wings sped
From out that white petunia bed;

“And if you’ll search, you’ll find, I’m sure,
A dozen shriveled cups or more;
Each pansy folds her purple cloth,
And soars aloft in velvet moth.

“So, when tired sunflower doffs her cap
Of yellow frills to take a nap,
’Tis but that this surrender brings
Her soul’s release on golden wings.”

“But is this so? It ought to be,”
Said little Miss Penelope;
“Because I’m sure, dear grandpa, you
Would only tell the thing that’s true.

“Are all the butterflies that fly
Real angels of the flowers that die?”
Grandfather’s eyes looked far away
As if he scarce knew what to say.

“Dear little Blossom,” stroking now
The golden hair upon her brow,

"I—can't—exactly—say—I—know it,
I only heard it from a poet.

"And poets' eyes see wondrous things,
Great mysteries of flowers and wings,
And marvels of the earth and sea
And sky, they tell us constantly.

"But we can never prove them right,
Because we lack their finer sight;
And they, lest we should think them wrong,
Weave their strange stories into song.

"So beautiful, so seeming true,
So confidently stated too,
That we, not knowing yes or no,
Can only hope they may be so."

"But grandpapa, no tale should close
With ifs or buts or may-be-sos,
So let us play we're poets, too,
And then we'll know that this is true."

—Harper's Round Table.

SANTA AT THE KLONDIKE.

A FAIRY came to Christmas Hall,
And strange news did he bring,
Of crowds of men, with picks and spades,
All busy shoveling,
So near, it seemed, that Santa Claus
Might hear their shovels ring.

“So strange a tale,” said Santa Claus,
“I cannot understand;
Soon they’ll be breaking up the ice
In our own Santa Land.
Ho! hitch my swiftest reindeers up,”
Old Santa gave command.

Away, away went Santa Claus,
With chime of silver bell,
And soon came flying home again
With wondrous tale to tell,—
While Mother Santa punched the fire
And warmed his slippers well.

“You know the Klondike River, wife?
Well, now, if I’d been told,
I wouldn’t have believed it true,—
The river’s full of gold!
And that is what they’re digging for,—
Those miners stout and bold.

“But men can’t live on gold alone;
Why, one poor fellow said
‘He’d give his biggest nugget for
A loaf of mother’s bread,—
And with a chunk of butter, too,
He’d call it quite a spread.’

“That houseless, homeless, hungry throng,
I seem to see them yet;
Their cheerless camp, their meager board
I never can forget;

It sobered jolly Santa Claus—
But, mother, don't you fret.

“Now, we'll just hang the kettles on,
The large ones and the small,
For I've invited the whole camp
To dine at Christmas Hall;
One of your good Christmas dinners
Will warm and cheer them all.

“Now call the Christmas fairies in
To help you out, my dear,
And I'll go call the reindeers up
And get the sleighs in gear.
The whole herd will be needed
To bring our guests this year.”

—H. D. C.

A GLORIOUS FOURTH.

LITTLE Adelbert arose at four
And crept downstairs to the big front door,
And down the walk to the garden gate,
And there he started to celebrate.
With bursting cracker and roaring gun
He waked the neighbors, every one;
He scared the cat out of all her sense,
And blew the slats off the picket fence,
And came to breakfast with one black eye,
And said: “Hooray, for the Fourth of July!”

He ate with hurry and frantic haste,
For never a minute had he to waste;
Then out again to the fray he sprang
And turned things loose with a mighty "bang!"
He fizzed and spluttered and boomed and crashed,
While dishes rattled and windows smashed;
And when, all grimy and sore and lame,
Torn and tousled, to lunch he came,
On his swollen lips was the joyous cry:
"Ain't I glad it's the Fourth of July!"

All that day, till the twilight's close,
The powder-smoke from the garden rose;
All day long, in the heat and dust,
Little Adelbert "banged" and "bust,"
Till, just as the shadows began to creep,
He blew himself in a senseless heap.
Burnt and blistered and minus hair,
They brought him in for the doctor's care;
But, late that night, he was heard to sigh:
"I wish every day was the Fourth of July!"

—Joe Lincoln, in L. A. W. Bulletin.

CAPTAIN NATHAN HALE.

SEE! Washington, alone with all
His captains round, in bitterest need,
Sits in still council, loth to call
The one man for the perilous deed.

The one man who must dare—nor doubt—
His way to yonder camp to make,
And wring the British secret out
Before the sleeping lion wake.

Then come the men of Congress' own—
What man of these is doomed to go?
To cross the lonely sound, alone,
While wind and water mutter low?

He knows his guerdon may be death.
What wonder if his cheek were pale?
Who is he? Each one holds his breath. . .
Then—"I will go," says Captain Hale.

Oh, dark the sky and deep the sea,
And one who loves him, with her prayer
Keeps God awake all night!—Will he
Think of his mother's long despair?

Ah, Captain Hale, your time is brief. . . .
How shadow-still! He walks on air!
What if the whisper of a leaf
Should warn that sentinel! "Who goes there?"

He knows all that his chief would know;
He moves with phantom silence back
To tell his tale. He starts, and, lo!
The enemy is on his track!

Somewhere a Tory bloodhound bayed—
The hunt is up! An alien king

Can take, dishonored and betrayed,
The young man in his flower of spring.

The young man? Let us reverence less
The hero with his head of snows
Than him who does not fear to press
The grave-dust with a cheek of rose.

—Sarah Piatt.

“THEY SAY.”

HAVE you heard of the terrible family “They?”
And the dreadful, venomous things they say?
Why, half the gossip under the sun,
If you trace it back, you will find begun
In that wretched House of “They.”

A numerous family, so I am told,
And its genealogical tree is old;
For ever since Adam and Eve began
To build up the curious race of man,
Has existed the House of “They.”

Gossip-mongers and spreaders of lies,
Horrid people whom all despise!
And yet the best of us, now and then,
Repeat queer tales about women and men,
And quote the House of “They.”

They live like lords and never labor.
A “They’s” one task is to watch his neighbor,

And tell his business and private affairs,
To the world at large they are sowers of tares,
These folks in the House of "They."

It is wholly useless to follow a "They"
With a whip or a gun, for he slips away
And into his house, where you cannot go,
It is locked and bolted and guarded so—
This horrible House of "They."

Though you cannot get in, yet they get out,
And spread their villainous tales about.
Of all the rascals under the sun
Who have come to punishment, never one
Belonged to the House of "They."

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in *Youth's Companion*.

THE SLEEPING OF THE WIND.

BY CHARLES B. GOING.

THE great red moon was swinging
Alow in the purple east;
The robins had ceased from singing;
The noise of the day had ceased;
The golden sunset islands
Had faded into the sky,
And warm from the seas of silence
A wind of sleep came by.

It came so balmy and resting
That the treetop breathed a kiss,
And a drowsy wood-bird, nesting,
Chirped a wee note of bliss;
It stole over fragrant thickets
As soft as an owl could fly,
And whispered to tiny crickets
The words of a lullaby.

Then slowly the purple darkened,
The whispering trees were still,
And the hush of the woodland harkened
To a crying whip-poor-will;
And the moon grew whiter, and by it
The shadows lay dark and deep;
But the fields were empty and quiet,
For the wind had fallen asleep.

—Ladies' Home Journal.

A DAIRY IN THE MEADOW.

THERE'S a dairy in the meadow that I just found
out to-day
As I chanced to pass along the grass, in wondering,
dreamy way,
I saw a cowslip by me, and the whole truth came to
me,
In hazy, mazy outline, that my thought explored to
see.

The buttercups were standing with their shining
bowls full filled
By a gilt-edged mass all gleaming, as if the sun had
spilled
A little of its sunshine, in a dazzling, dripping ray,
Adown the streaming splendors of a sultry, summer
day.

The milkweed held its liquid with sealed and certain
grasp,
The high stems were the quart cans; the silky leaves
the clasp,
And I'm certain by the richness of the cream that
trickled through,
No water had been added—not the smallest drop of
dew.

The daisies were the milkmaids. They wore spot-
less ruffled caps,
Which they pulled securely 'round them to take their
morning naps,
And their faces shone so brightly o'er their tidy
green print dress
That the meadow-lark flew downward to give them
a caress.

The breezes are the coolers; they are fanning by the
hour,
So butter keeps its firmness, and cream is never sour;
While the water drips and gurgles from a faucet in
the sky

To wash the tiny milk-pails for the smiling sun to
dry.

The dairy in the meadow is beneath a sky so blue
That a little shine from Heaven seems to try and
glimmer through.

You'll discover it, I'm certain, if you look some sun-
lit day

For the fairy little dairy in the meadow by the way.

THE FUNDAMENTAL RULE.

WHEN years ago I went to school
We were compelled by one great rule
All other rules to master.
Unlike the splendid "golden" one,
'Twas feared by all and loved by none,
And memorized much faster.

To rouse the thoughts, to brighten wit,
The teacher oft referred to it.

And to incite endeavor.
To many sums it proved the key;
It kept the boys in misery,
But in their lessons clever.

One day when I came late to school
The teacher pointed to the rule—
His countenance was awful!
And then and there, most thoroughly,
By this great rule he proved to me
That lagging was unlawful.

And oft the rule was taken down,
Because I called a verb a noun
Or missed a sum in fractions.
"Hold out your hand," the teacher'd say;
And for the rest of that sad day
That rule controlled my actions.

—William G. Kemper.

FOR MEMORIAL DAY.

FLORENCE JOSEPHINE BOYCE.

† SCATTER the flowers o'er graves that are green,
Scatter the flowers 'neath skies that are blue;
Sunlight is stealing the mountains between,
Comrades are sleeping, for battle is through.

Fighting together, they stood to the last,
Marshaled together at beat of the drum.
Some from the ranks, ere the victory past,
Beckoned beyond to their heavenly home.

Some left to finish the battle of life,
Some but to tarry awhile by the way—
All from the darkness, the din, and the strife
Passing together—the blue and the gray.

Ranks have been broken and hearts left to grieve;
Ties that were dear have been severed in twain;
Still, in the web of existence, we weave
Flowers of love till we meet them again.

Then, while the sunlight falls soft in its sheen
Over the earth that is jeweled with dew,
Scatter the flowers o'er graves that are green.
Scatter the flowers 'neath skies that are blue.

THE SONG OF THE WHEAT.

LOW and sweet is the song of the wheat
In its murmurings manifold.
And lovingly kind the whispering wind
That sweeps o'er its harp of gold.
It nestles and croons in the drowsy noons,
As the clouds skim over its crest,
And it soothes and sighs with its lullabies,
As it cradles the sun in the west.

There's a minor strain of hunger and pain
That breaks into happy voice
And whispers afar, "Wherever you are,
O starving ones, rejoice!
Over the sea you are pleading for me,
Weary and hopeless you stand;
Be steady and true, I am coming to you,
From the beautiful sunflower land."

O wind of the sea you whisper to me,
From the past of the prairie you greet,
And eddy and toss your furrows across
The whirl of the winsome wheat.

You are joyous and true as the billowy blue,
The sails of your ships are furled,
And you're singing a song the glad day long
That is echoed around the world.

—Emma Playter Seabury.

PLAYMATES.

TWO little puppies, full of play,
With a bone to worry and toss,
Were sporting together the livelong day,
And they never seemed vexed or cross.
Three little squirrels, gray and wee,
And spry and light as a bird,
Played all day long in the old oak-tree,
And they never said one sharp word.
Four little pussies, the little dears,
Climbed up on the garden wall,
They played with each others' tails and ears,
And never quarreled at all.
Five little birds, such a very tight fit,
In one little tiny nest,
Never crowded nor shoved nor pushed one bit
For the place that each liked best.
Six little chicks in the grass so green,
Seven little ducks in the brook,
Never gave one another, as I have seen,
One angry or unkind look.
Eight little lambs went to frolic and feed
In the meadows broad and bright,

And the dear little things never once disagreed,
From the dawn of day till night.
Nine little boys were playing ball,
But they made such a fuss, oh dear!
And wrangled and scolded and screamed and all,
That it tired my ears to hear.
And that is the way, I am sorry to say,
For wasn't it just too bad?
They have lost, on this pleasant summer day,
All the fun that they might have had.

—E. H. Thomas.

A LESSON IN ASTRONOMY.

For ten girls and boys.

Cover ten hoops with yellow cloth or paper. Place the name of a planet on eight of them and "Sun," "Moon," on the remaining two. Hang hoops about neck with ribbons.

Sun. Girl with "Golden hair all loose and shining." Large artificial sunflower at back of head; leaves standing around head like rays.

Mercury. Small boy with wings fastened to cap.

Venus. Girl, with wreath.

Earth. Girl, with spray of green leaves.

Moon. Very small girl.

Mars. Soldier boy, with large dart.

Jupiter. Boy, with crown and scepter.

Saturn. Boy standing inside hoops, which he holds in both hands.

Uranus. Girl, with large star above forehead.

Neptune. Sailor boy.

Comet. Boy, with long yellow sash.

Earth Recites.

I.

THE Solar System puzzled us,
Miss Mary said she thought it would,
And so she gave us each a name,
And made it all into a game,
And then we understood.

II.

Theresa, with her golden hair
All loose and shining, was the Sun.
And round her Mercury and Mars,
Venus, and all the other stars
Stood waiting, every one.

III.

I was the Earth, with little Nell
Beside me for the Moon so round.
And Saturn had two hoops for rings,
And Mercury a pair of wings,
And Jupiter was crowned.

IV.

Then when Miss Mary waved her hand,
Each slow and stately in our place,
We circled round the Sun.

[Play or sing march while they "circle round the sun;" moon circling about earth. Comet rushes in, breaks up march and scatters all, except earth, who finishes recitation. Let them exclaim, A comet! A comet! as they scatter.]

We circled round the Sun, until
A Comet, that was little Will,
Came rushing on through space.

V.

He darted straight into our midst,
He whirled among us like a flash.
The stars went flying, and the Sun,
And laughing, breathless, wild with fun,
The "System" went to smash!

—Youth's Companion.

A WORLD-REFORMER.

Two Boys.

BY SAM WALTER FOSS.

John.

S AID Farmer John to Joiner Ned:
"Come put a back door on my shed."

Ned.

Says Joiner Ned to Farmer John:
"I cannot put your back door on.
The Guild I'm interested in
For the abolishment of sin,

Meets at my house this very day,
And so I cannot get away."

John.

"Well, after you've abolished sin
Come down to-morrow and begin;
I want that back door in my shed,"
Said Farmer John to Joiner Ned.

Ned.

"To-morrow, neither, can I come.
The Friends of the Millennium
Meet at the house of Deacon Kent
And I am first Vice-President."

John.

"Well then, next Wednesday, without doubt,
When your millennium's started out,
Just let it take its course and spread,
And put that back door in my shed."

Ned.

"I read an essay Wednesday, John,
Before the Culture Club, upon
'The Easiest Method to Restore
Our Long-lost Eden Here Once More';
To foster peace, abolish war,
And render virtues popular."

John.

"Well, get your Eden here all right
By sundown, prompt, next Wednesday night,

And then, next Thursday morning, Ned,
Come put that back door on my shed."

Ned.

"The Anti-Hunger Club convenes
Next Thursday, down to Hiram Green's,
And I have promised to orate
On how to crush and extirpate
Man's tendency for fish and meat,
His groveling desire to eat."

John.

"But won't you come down by and by,
We'll say two years from next July?
You'll have your various schemes put through,
You'll have the universe new;
Come down, then, with your tool-kit, Ned,
And put that back door in my shed."

Ned.

"I think," says Ned, "I'll take that chance
If you will pay me in advance;
For my wife says that we've no meat
And no flour in the house to eat;
This cash may save domestic strife
And kind of pacify my wife."

COLUMBIA'S BAKING DAY.

A Character Song, to the tune of Yankee Doodle.

Take an old sheet and mark the musical staff and scale upon it, making the notes of such a size that, when the cloth is cut away, a face can be inserted in the openings. Stretch the cloth smoothly and firmly across the stage and place singers behind it in their respective positions. Let each note, when singing their verse, sing in the pitch denoted by their position upon the staff and let the chorus be sung in the same pitch, which can be given in each instance by the accompanist.

Columbia wears a blue dress, a large white apron trimmed with red stripes, and a white baker's cap with red and blue band.

Uncle Sam. Usual costume.

Columbia sings. Air, Yankee Doodle.

THIS is Columbia's baking day:
It keeps me busy, too, sir;
For, with so many mouths to feed,
I have enough to do, sir.

I'm proud of my large family,
And love them every one, sir;
And my adopted children, too,
They come, and come, and come, sir.

This is the way I set my bread, (Point to staff.)
So wholesome and so sweet, sir.
These wide awake ingredients
Will give you my receipt, sir.

Lower Do.

I am the Yankee Doodle do; (dough)
Columbia just has set me:
But by and by I'll rise up high,
For that's my style, you bet ye!

Chorus. [All.]

Yankee Doodle, doodle dough,
Tell you, it comes handy;
Sing it high and sing it low,
Yankee dough is dandy!

Ra.

I am a Yankee Doodle Ray,
A little ray of light, sir.
Mixed with the Yankee Doodle dough
I'll bring it up all right, sir.

Chorus.

Me.

A fine ingredient am I,
As you can plainly see, sir.
The dough would never rise so high
If it was not for me, sir.

Chorus.

Fa.

Leave me out and you'll say "Phaugh!
I'm sure there's something lacking."
But with the "Fa" in proper place
Your lips you will be smacking.

Chorus.

Sol.

An enterprising soul am I,
I'm bound to make things go, sir.
I am the very heart and soul,
Of Yankee Doodle dough, sir.

Chorus.

La.

Here in this law abiding land
All listen to the law, sir:
I deal it with impartial hand,
The best you ever saw, sir.

Chorus.

Ce.

Oh ho! the Yankee Doodle dough
Is high as it can be, sir;
And being up so near the top
Enables me to see, sir.

Chorus.

Upper Do.

Behold! the Yankee Doodle dough
Has risen to great hight, sir.
Pile on the wood, rake out the coals,
And have the oven right, sir.

Chorus.

Columbia.

And not alone for bread they cry,
No, not by any means, sir:
The Yankees want their pumpkin pie
And also their baked beans, sir.

And my adopted children, too,
Will also want their rations.
But, thank my stars! I have enough
To feed the whole creation.

[Enter Uncle Sam. He sings.]

So this is bakin' day, my dear;
I'm glad your bread hez risen:
Fer Root hez spoke fer a big batch
An Otis he wants hisen.

Wherever there's a hungry mouth,
In this, or any land, sir,
If east or west, or north or south,
Ameriky's on hand, sir.

Let's feed 'em with the bread of life
An' keep the coffee bilin';
An' never let King Alcohol
All our good work be spilin'.

Chorus.—[In which Uncle Sam joins, heartily.]

—Harriet D. Castle.

EVOLUTION OF THE CHRISTMAS STOCKING.

A Song and Pantomime for Little Girls.

Let the little girls be dressed in grandmother style with handkerchiefs crossed over the breast and pretty frilled caps.

Make a fireplace of a large dry goods box. Have it open at the top and remove one side. Nail a board across the top, allowing it to project at the front, for a mantelpiece. Cover the mantel with drapery and the inside of the box with brown calico. Hang a curtain above the mantel, and at the sides of the box, to conceal the manner of old Santa's appearing in the fireplace.

Before beginning the song let the little girls step forward and backward and move hands, as in spinning, while an unseen violinist imitates the sound of a spinning wheel by holding down strings of a violin and running the bow across them. This might, also, be done after each chorus.

SPINNING WHEEL SONG.

Air,

"Merry Dick you soon would know
If you lived in Chatham Row."

LISTEN to the spinning wheel.
First the toe, and then the heel,
Forward, and then back we go.
See how plump the spindles grow.

Chorus.

List to the spinning wheel,
Spinning wheel, spinning wheel,
List to the spinning wheel,
Sing it's merry song.

Trip it lightly, to and fro.
Soon will come the Christmas snow,
Christmas stockings must be done,
And the yarn must soon be spun.

Chorus.

Listen to the busy hum:
Merry Christmas soon will come.
Trip it, lightly, to and fro;
So the Christmas stockings grow.

Chorus.

[Stand still and imitate turning of reel.]

SONG OF THE REEL.

Rest a little, toe and heel,
While we turn the busy reel.
Turn it briskly, oh, such fun!
Snap! another skein is done.

Chorus.

Fly, fly my busy reel,
Busy reel, busy reel,
Count them, my busy reel,
Skeins of Christmas yarn.

Christmas stockings, if you please,
Should come up above the knees;
Children always like them so
Cause they hold so much, you know.

Chorus.

Many, many skeins 'twill take
All those Christmas hose to make,
Nice and long, of softest wool;
Good old Santa'll fill them full.

Chorus.

Take places, in couples, facing each other. One goes through pantomime of holding skein of yarn for winding, the other of winding the ball.

SONG OF THE BALL.

This the way the ball is wound,
Over, under, round and round.
So the merry children small
Wind the Christmas stocking ball.

Chorus.

Wind, winding, round and round,
Round and round, round and round,
Wind, winding, round and round,
Christmas stocking ball.

[Pantomime of knitting.]

KNITTING SONG.

Listen to our needles click!
Long and slender, bright and quick.
Knitting needles click and gleam,
Round and round and mind the seam.

Chorus.

List to our needles click,
Bright and quick, bright and quick,
List to our needles click,
Needles bright and quick.

Round and round, quick as a wink,
Time to narrow, now, we think;
Swiftly flies the shining steel,
Now we're almost to the heel.

Chorus.

Shape it neatly; grandma, kind,
Taught us how to slip and bind.
Round and round and round we go:
Now we'll narrow off the toe.

Chorus.

Christmas stockings all are done
And we'll hang them, every one,
On the mantel and, what fun!
Wait for Santa Claus to come,

Have stockings lying on mantel and nails driven ready for hanging them. Children hang stockings and seat themselves on the floor around the fireplace. They sing,

WAITING FOR SANTA CLAUS.

Chorus.

Wait, wait for Santa Claus,
Santa Claus, Santa Claus,
Wait, wait for Santa Claus,
Good old Santa Claus.

When we hear his sleigh bells sweet
We will hide, and slyly peep
Till he fills them, to the toe,
Then we will surprise him so.

Chorus.

Turn lights low. Children begin to nod and rub eyes.

Why, what makes my neck so weak?
Lashes won't stay off my cheek,—
Eyelids-won't-stay-off-my-eyes.
Won't-old-San-ta-be-sur-prised?

Children fall asleep in various pretty attitudes. A pack falls into the fireplace followed by old Santa. He gazes around on the children, then puts his hands on his sides and laughs heartily (in pantomime). He fills the stockings, looks at the children again—

“And laying his finger aside of his nose,

And, giving a wink, up the chimney he goes.”

Turn up the lights. An unseen choir sings a Christmas carol. The children waken, rub their eyes, and seem surprised and bewildered. They sing,

CHRISTMAS MORNING.

Air,

"Good Morning, Merry Sunshine."

Why, if it isn't morning!
 Just see the sunshine smile;
 To think we watched for Santa Claus
 And sleeping all the while.

Why, this is Christmas morning!
 And oh, just see! just see!
 Old Santa's filled our stockings just
 As full as they can be!

Children rush to the mantel and take down stockings with gestures of delight. They hold them up to the audience and sing.

Just see our Christmas stockings!
 We think they are good sized.
 And, after all, we're pretty sure
 Old Santa was surprised.

—Harriet D. Castle.

DIALOGUE.

Arranged from a story in The Youth's Companion.

ON QUANTUCK POND.

CHARACTERS.

Davy Jackman—A school boy.	Old clothes very much patched. Old boots much too large.
Ned Nelson	Mr. Nelson
Bony Towne.	Mrs. Nelson
Chub Peters	Bridget Moloney
Johnny Snelling	

Scene First.

Ned, Bony, Chub and Johnny, with books, satchels, etc., going home from school.

Chub—Wish't that new boy would come out, sos't we could have a little fun with him.

Johnny—Oh, he wants to stay in and study. 'Fraid he won't beat us all in ciph'ring and hist'ry and everything.

Bony—Maybe he's afraid we'll tease him. We are kind of rough on him, that's a fact.

Ned—Huh! that's nothing. Every new boy has to be picked on a little at first, you know, unless he's dressed up tip-top, and has lots of candy to treat with, and such; that makes a good deal of difference. And anyhow, if he's plucky, we most always give over in a day or two, and use him first rate.

Bony—We don't let up on Davy Jackman though, us four don't; if we did the rest would.

Ned—Why don't he show a little spunk, then? 'stead of pretty near crying: great big baby; He's a reg'lar coward, he is.

Chub—There he is, now!

(Enter Davy.)

Ned—Let's all sing, "Old Rags to Sell." (All sing. Davy comes nearer.)

Ned—Oh! 'scuse us, Patchy. We thought 'twas the rag man coming.

Johnny—Say, Jumbo, how'd the cars come to run over your pa? Drunk wasn't he?

Bony—Hold on! don't be in such a hurry. We'd like the pleasure of your company.

Ned—(Catching hold of Davy) Stop a little, sir! We want to consult you about styles. You needn't cut us poor fellers if you are just from Paris.

Chub—My! ain't he a dude, though?

Johnny—Reg'lar dandy.

Bony—Biggest swell yet; 'specially his boots; they're awfully swell.

Chub—Do you mind telling us where you got your hat? We want to get one just like it. (Knocks off hat.)

Ned—(Picking up hat and dusting with great care and concern.) Look a here, Chub, you want to be careful how you handle that hat. That's a hairloom; been in the family for generations. S'pect they think a pile of it. (Places hat on Davy's head with deferential bow.) And what a lovely patch! Hold him easy, boys, while I cut a pattern of it. (Ned tears leaf out of geography. Boys hold Davy. Davy breaks away and runs.)

Bony—Go it boots! Run, big 'fraid, run!

Ned—Run home and tell his ma. Good little boy, help his ma wash. (Imitates rubbing on wash board.)

Johnny—Cry-baby-cripsy! Mamma kiss away tears. (All imitate crying, noisily, and finish with a laugh.)

Bony—Ain't he a reg'lar calf? Say, let's invite him to play hookey, on the pond, Thanksgiving Day. We'd get lots of fun out of him.

Ned—He'd beat us skating, all right, if you call that fun. He can go backwards and forwards, and cut round, and make figure eights and spread eagles,

the greatest ever you saw. If it wa'n't for his old skates he'd knock the socks off of us all worse yet. He wouldn't be half bad if he wasn't such a coward.

Chub—Oh pshaw! Let's not ask him. We don't want the girls to see us playing with such a patchy anyhow. And if he comes down there let's leave him out of hookey and all the fun.

Ned—All right. He hasn't any business on the pond, anyway.

Bony—Do you s'pose the ice will be hard enough?

Ned—Oh, yes, it's always hard enough by Thanksgiving, 'round the edges, anyway. Ki! but won't it be fun? Just skate and skate and get hungrier and hungrier, and think about the turkey and mince pie. Gee! but it makes my mouth water. (They gather up books, as they talk, fall in side by side and pass off stage as Ned finishes last sentence.)

Scene Two.

Sitting room. Mr. Nelson reading paper. Mrs. N. sewing. Bridget rushes in from kitchen in great excitement.

Bridget—Och, murther! but little Masther Nid is kilt entoirely!

Mr. and Mrs. N. rise excitedly. Bridget rushes across room and flings open door. Bony, Chub and Johnny enter, carrying Ned.

Mrs. N.—Oh! what is the matter? Is he dead?

Bony—No, Aunt Esther, but he fell in the pond.

Mr. N.—Here, let me have him. I'll take him to the kitchen fire. We must get these wet things off, wrap him in a warm blanket and give him a hot drink.

Bridget—An' it's mesilf will be makin' him a cup of hot ginger tay, the darlint! (Exit Mr. and Mrs. N., Ned and Bridget.)

Bony—I'm not going till I know whether Ned's going to pull through or not; he's my cousin, you know.

Chub—We'll stay, too. We want to know, too.

Johnny—My! what'd we do without Ned? He's just boss.

Bony—We'd had to do without him, though, if it hadn't been for Davy Jackman. Why! where's he gone?

Chub—He didn't come in at all. Just let go of Ned at the door.

Bony—'Shamed of his clothes, I bet you. Just think how mean we've been to him, boys. (Enter Bridget.)

Bridget—An 'air yez here yet, byes? Thot's foine, for it's Masther Nid do be wantin' to say yez all, before ye do be goin'.

Bony—Oh! is Ned all right, then?

Bridget—Faith an' he is, the darlint! It's only a bit chilled he was. (Enter Mr. and Mrs. N. Mr. N. carries Ned, wrapped in a blanket. Lays him on couch.)

Ned—Where's Davy?

Bony—He didn't come in at all.

Ned—Oh! I wanted to tell him how 'shamed and sorry I am.

Mrs. N.—How did it happen, boys?

Bony—Why, you see, we was all skating, down on

the pond, and pretty soon Johnny threw a stone across the pond. "Ker-chug! kerchug!" it went, skipping along, "ker-chu-ug!" And just then old Uncle John Daggett came along. "Boys," said he, "don't any on ye try to foller that rock. Th' ice ain't safe. I can tell by the noise she makes. Mind now!" Then Ned said, "Who's afraid? I'd jes' as lieves go over as not." "Stump you to!" said Johnny, quicker'n scat. He's always stumping folks, Johnny is.

Johnny—I'm awful sorry I stumped you, Ned.

Ned—I guess you'd better not stump folks any more, Johnny. You see it kinder makes a fellow feel as if he wanted to do it, whether it was right or not.

Johnny—I'll never do it again, Ned; deed and double, honor bright.

Bony—Just then Davy Jackman came down that way; he'd been kind of skating around by himself, and I said for Johnny to stump him. So he did; an' Davy said "he didn't want to go," an' we said he was afraid to. Then we got to kind of fooling, and plaguing him, an' Ned knocked his hat way off on the pond.

Ned—Now, Bony, you ain't telling that straight. You ain't telling how mean I was.

Bony—You wasn't any meaner than the rest of us.

Ned—Yes I was! I was the meanest one of all.

Mr. N.—It takes a pretty brave boy to say that. I'm glad my boy is brave enough. But let Bony go on with his story.

Bony—Well, when Davy said he wouldn't go for his hat Ned said he would. Davy an' I said for him not to, but he did an' by'n by the ice just went down with him. We were all scared to death an' couldn't do nothing but holler, all but Davy. And he just sung out for our mufflers an' a little rock, an' 'fore you could say Jack Robinson he had 'em tied together an' the rock in one end. Then he crept out and crept out and threw it; an' we all helped pull. I tell you he's a brick, Davy Jackman is, so! I'm going to stick up for him after this, too.

Mrs. N.—(Crying softly.) Bless him.

Ned—You don't know how mean we've been to him, mamma, 'specially me. We called him "Patchy" and "Jumbo" and "'Fraid cat" and "coward," and sang "Old rags to sell."

Bridget—Och! ye little spalpanes, ye.

Ned—'N way down I just believe it was 'cause he beat us all in ciph'ring and hist'ry and skating 'n everything. Maybe the other fellows didn't feel so, I didn't know's I did till I was down in that black cold water grabbing at the ice that just kept breaking and breaking. Seems to me I thought of everything then. I thought about how mother'd cry, and tried to say a prayer but couldn't think of any 'cept "Now I lay me."

Bridget—Ochone! the poor darlint.

Ned—We was awful mean to Davy to-day; left him out of our game of hookey, 'n kept hollering, back and forth to each other, 'bout turkey 'n plum pudding 'n mince pie, when we just the same as knew

he wouldn't have any. That's how mean we were. 'N when Davy said he didn't want to go out on the pond I said, "You daresn't! You're a coward, Big 'Fraid!" That's how mean I was. "Go over," said I, "and I'll take you home to dinner and give you a turkey-bone." "I'd go if there was any need of it," he said, speaking real low and redding up again like a beet. "But I promised my mother I wouldn't go where the ice wasn't safe." So'd I promised you, mother, but I didn't say so, I just laughed. "Ho! ho! Mammy's baby'd best run home to mammy!" said I; and then I did the meanest trick of all. Quicker'n scat I grabbed his poor old faded hat off of his head and sent it fairly whizzing over the ice. "There," said I, "now there's need of your going across. Go get your hat, Big 'Fraid." He didn't say one word. He just sat down to pull off his skates. But he looked just like he was going to cry. Then I laughed again, but I did feel kind of 'shamed. "Don't cry, baby," said I; "I'll go get your hat." "Oh, no," said he. "'Tisn't worth much, and you'll—you'll get in. Don't go!" But I said yes, sir-ree, I would. I wa'n't afraid of a little thin ice, I said. And the boys cheered like sixty, all but Bony. He looked sober, and said for me not to go. But I did; and I tell you, I was scared when the ice began to knuckle down under me, and I wasn't half-way to the hat. But I wouldn't go back and get laughed at and called Big 'Fraid myself—no, sir! So I kept right on and pretty soon, without a crack or any-

thing the ice just settled, and in I went all under that black, cold water.

Mrs. N.—Well boys, I must say you have been “real mean” to Davy: but I think you are sufficiently punished, especially my boy. I don’t like to think how much worse it might have been if it hadn’t been for Davy.

Bony—You bet we’ll never do it again! Aunt Esther.

Johnny, Chub and Ned—No sir-ree!

Mrs. N.—All you can do now is to tell him how ashamed and sorry you feel, and try to make it up to him. I’ll tell you what we’ll do. Chub and Johnny you run home and ask your mammas if you can take dinner with Ned; Bony was coming anyway; and we’ll have Mrs. Jackman and Davy over, and you boys may have a table by yourselves and have all the fun you want to.

Chub—Whoopee! won’t that be boss?

Johnny—You bet!

Bony—Tell you! we’ll give Davy just the best time he ever had in his life.

Ned—That would be just splendid! but I’m awful ’fraid Davy wouldn’t come. You see his clothes are in pretty bad shape. Mamma can’t I give him my suit? My very best Sunday go-to-meeting one?

Mrs. N.—I’m glad you want him to have it, dear, but I think something more serviceable, something not second hand, would please Davy better.

Mr. N.—I think I can fix him up in a suit that you young scamps won’t guy him about.

Ned—Oh, papa! we wouldn't ever!

Johnny—No, sir-ree!

Chub—Not much, we wouldn't!

Bony—We're too 'shamed.

Mr. N.—And I think I can find him a hat without going out on the pond for his old one.

Ned—Oh, papa and mamma! you're just splendid! I don't see how I came to be so mean.

Bridget—An' it's a foine dinner I'll be gettin' fer the byes, or me name's not Bridget Maloney.

RIDDLE AFTERNOON.

Do not acquaint pupils with answers to riddles when giving out recitations. Have ready inexpensive representations of articles; small doll, pencil, top, picture of robin, Jack-in-the-pulpit, (natural flowers, artificial flowers or picture) thermometer, etc.

Before beginning the exercises state that it is riddle afternoon and some trifle will be given the one who first guesses the riddle correctly. If they fail to guess at all show them the article and have them tell of some "shut in" boy or girl who would like it.

Recitation and Riddle No. 1. (Ans. Jack-in-the-pulpit.)

A LITTLE PREACHER.

ALTHOUGH I am neither
 A monk nor a nun
 I live in a church and
 A beautiful one;
 The oldest and grandest
 That's under the sun.

The roof, to my church, is
 So bright and so high

You never can reach it,
It's useless to try.

My church has great pillars,
So tall and so round!
The workmen who raised them,
All live under ground;
Though some who did light work
Above it are found.

My church is so large and
My pulpit so small
You'll have to hunt for me,
And merrily call
A name that don't sound like
A preacher's at all.

But children all love it,
Alas and alack!
Before I can give them
A sermon or tract,
They shout, "Oh, we've found you!
You dear little—"

[Place hand over mouth.]

Now where is my church, with
It's roof high and bright?
And what are the pillars,
That stand in their might?
And who are the workmen,
In dark and in light?
Now tell me my name, and
Your answer is right.

There might be a little talk about "God's first temples," that have great trees for pillars and the blue sky for a roof. About the workmen who live under ground (soil, moisture, etc.,) and those who live above (light, air, etc.) There might be a talk after any recitation where it could be made instructive or amusing.

Recitation and Riddle No. 2. (Ans. Grapes.)

I have a royal purple gown,
And yet, 'tis strange to say,
People will always slip it off
And throw it quite away.

Recitation and Riddle No. 3. (Ans. Top.)

Hum, humming like a busy bee:
But, don't you think it's funny?
Hum, hum, humming all the day
And not a drop of honey.
Spin, spin, spinning all the day,
But, very strange and shocking,
I never spin a yard of yarn
To knit your winter stocking.

Recitation and Riddle No. 4. (Ans. Pencil.)

I draw queer pictures, with my toe,
In black, and blue, and red;
Then, if they are not pretty, I
Erase them with my head.

Class Recitation and Riddle No. 5.

SIX LITTLE STATES.

Outline six States on stiff cardboard and cut them out. Leave opening for eyes, nose and mouth on four of them. For the other two select States a part of whose outline, with a little assistance,

perhaps, resembles a profile. Draw eye and side view of mouth. Fasten States to children's heads with elastic braid. Two girls in center face audience. Each carries small flag. Tops of flags nearly meet. Little girl at right and left (the profile States) present partial side and back view. They lean forward as if whispering to remaining two, who stand facing, and slightly catching up their dresses with one hand. "Little States" recite in concert.

Six little States are we;
Good as good can be
Name us, we command,
Now, as here we stand.

Let pupils' guess each State separately. Give cardboard State to one who guesses right.

Recitation and Riddle No. 6. (Ans. Thermometer.)

FUNNY MISTER MERCURY.

A funny man, named Mercury,
Was living all alone
His house was round as any ball,
And bright as silver shone.

Upon the top of this small house
There stood a ladder, tall,
With full a hundred rounds, or more,
I did not count them all.

In winter time he didn't like
To climb this ladder tall:
I think, perhaps, he was afraid
That he might slip and fall.

But when the summer breezes came,
And drove the cold away,

This funny Mr. Mercury
Went skipping up, so gay.
Then you would see his little head,
With streaming silver hair,
Go climbing up the ladder rounds
To get a breath of air.
And so he'd climb, and climb, until,
Upon the hottest day,
He'd sit upon the topmost round
And fan himself, they say.
Now all the lads and lassies
Can tell, without a doubt,
Who funny Mr. Mercury is,
And just where he "hangs out."

Recitation and Riddle No. 7. (Ans. Robin-Cheer-up.)

My popular song
Has been sung for an age;
But it never wears out,
And is always the rage.
A brand new edition
Is brought out each year:
The children all know it,
For, isn't it queer?
There are only two words
In my song of good cheer.
Now what is this song?
Can any one say?
And who is the singer?
So merry and gay.

Recitation and Riddle No. 8. (Ans. Doll.)

Oh! ho! I am so gritty
I really, truly think
If you should stick a pin in me
I wouldn't even wink.

I wouldn't cry if you should soil
My prettiest new frock,
Or if your noisy brother
Should give my head a knock.

If all my limbs were broken,
In some great accident,
I'd smile as sweet as ever,
And lie there, quite content.

Although I am so gritty
I'm gentle as a lamb.
Can anybody tell me
Just who, and what, I am?

A SELFISH LITTLE BOY.

Reading or recitation and tableaux.

First Tableau.

Group of happy children playing "keep school." Have this tableau arranged before beginning to read.

O NCE there was a little boy,
His name I will not tell,
For fear some one would say, "Oh, yes!
I knew him very well."

There were no other little ones
To share with, lovingly,
And so, 'tis very sad to tell,
A selfish boy was he.

He wearied of his playthings soon,
And threw them on the floor;
But if a mate seemed pleased with one
He wanted it once more.

He wanted this, he wanted that,
He wanted everything;
And if he couldn't have it, then
A dreadful song he'd sing.

His mamma didn't like to hear
Him cry, and scream and kick,
And if he wanted anything
She gave it to him quick;
Which she would not have done, perhaps,
If she had not been sick.

But wise or unwise, sick or well,
However that may be,
The naughty habit grew until
A dreadful boy was he.

Now, next door lived a family
Of little girls and boys;
I'm very glad I cannot say
They never made a noise.

Their mamma taught them all a game,
To keep them nice and still;
So every day they played "keep school"
With all their childish skill.

The oldest was the teacher,
And, though she couldn't spell,
They grew so kind and bright I know
She must have taught them well.

Day after day they played as gay
And happy as could be,
Until they knew their letters well,
From A clear down to Z.

[Show first tableau here.]

Recitation continued.

Alas! the selfish little boy
Came visiting one day.
He looked so dirty and so cross
I think he ran away.

The little teacher welcomed him,
And bade him take a chair;
But, pointing to the teacher's place,
He snarled, "No! I'll sit there."

And next he wanted Mary's place,
And then he routed Sue.
The little teacher stood aghast
And wondered what to do.

But when he came to little John,
With a determined air,
The baby said, "I sant dit up!
'Is is my yitty chair."

At this the selfish little boy
Lay prone upon the floor,
And kicked his heels, and raised his voice
In such a dreadful roar,

That little John sprang quickly up,
With wonder in his eye,
And said, "Des oo tan have my chair;
So, yitty boy, don't ky."

The selfish boy now thought he saw
A victory complete;
And so he kicked and louder screamed,
"No! I want all the seats!"

The children all were standing,
In wonder and in dread.
The little teacher felt as if
She stood upon her head.

In all her wide experience
There never yet had been,
She felt it to her finger tips,
Such need of discipline.

"Spare the rod and spoil the child,"
Wise Solomon did say,

And, strange to say, a simple child,
Felt just that very way.

And so she took the selfish boy
And laid him 'cross her knee,
And spanked him, with her little might;
The blows fell fast and free.

This treatment was so new to him
It gave him great surprise;
And loud he sang the tune, as lined
By Solomon the wise.

Just then they saw a shadow fall
Across the schoolroom floor;
The mother of the selfish boy
Was standing in the door!

Poor little Jane's astonishment
Imagine if you can;
A situation unforeseen
By even Solomon.

The little teacher's wide-eyed look
Of terror and surprise
Amused his mother, and she laughed
Till tears stood in her eyes.

For once she did not pity him
For all his woful plight.
They told her all about it, and
She said "It served him right."

Now don't be like this selfish boy;
Bad habits grow so fast;
Be kind and just and generous,
And loving to the last.

Good habits, just like naughty ones,
If cultivated, grow,
Till Solomon, the wise, would say,
"No need of rods," I know.

[Show second tableau: Schoolroom in disorder, seats overturned, etc. Teacher with "selfish boy" across knee; children standing about; mother standing in door; teacher and children look surprised and frightened.]

—Harriet D. Castle.

TABLEAUX.

HAVING HIS FORTUNE TOLD.

A cute baby in short dresses. He sits in a high chair, one that has a leaf to fasten across the front. He is leaning forward, resting one little arm on the leaf. A wee girl is holding his other hand in one of hers and tracing his chubby palm with the index finger of her other hand.

THE UPS AND DOWNS OF EARLY LIFE.

Two children on a teeter.

Recitations and Exercises for Higher Grade.

CONTENTED.

X
COUSIN JOHN hez built a mansion, 'Lizabethan
in its style,
Crochet-trimmin's 'round the corners, hard-wood
floors all done in ile,
Porters hangin' in the doorways, didoes pasted on the
wall,
"Color schemes" a-runnin' riot in the settin'-room an'
hall!

Went to see 'im on a visit; felt like I wuz in a dream,
Not a heatin' stove er wood-box, all the house wuz
het by steam.

Pipes a-leadin' from the basement, gla-diators in eăch
room,
Carpets dragged by little go-carts, never saw 'em use
a broom!

Parlor mantel piled with bric-bracs, Injun mattin'
on the stairs,
Hiroglyphics worked in yaller on the satin-covered
chairs;

Water-fassets in the kitchen, hot er cold, you took
your choice;
Telephone in handy waitin' ef you liked to try your
voice.

'Lectric lights blazed every evenin' till the moon itself
seemed wan,
No more use fer cracker-matches, jest a flip would
turn 'em on;
Breakfast showed up late an' tired, lunch cum on at
twelve o'clock,
Dinner shook the hand of twilight, givin' my old
nerves a shock.

Stayed a week an' saw the city! Cousin John was
awful kind;
But I come away rejoicin'; home wuz suited to my
mind!
Thought the old brown house looked nicer than it
ever did afore;
Mary sewin' by the winder, Rover barkin' at the door.

Slipped right back into the traces, all the wheels
rolled smoothly round,
'Lectric blaze hed been too glarin'; lamps air better,
I'll be bound.
Bric-bracs make a feller weary; purest water lives in
wells,
Common chairs 'll do fer farmers, satin couch 'll do
fer swells!

Noon-time allers finds me ready fer a dinner,—not a
lunch!

An' steam heat,—you can't compare it with a fire you
kin punch!

Hick'ry wood a cracklin' gayly; stove a glowin' cherry-
red!

Warmth an' peace an' drowsy comfort stealin' up from
foot to head.

Fall is slippin' into winter; never mind its storms an'
chills;

Pack the iron pump in sawdust,—we shan't run no
plumbers' bills!

Eat an' drink an' read the papers—let the world go
brawlin' on!

Happiness is my twin-sister,—I'm ez rich ez Cousin
John!

—Emma Eggleston.

THE STAR IN THE WEST.

“THERE'S a star in the west,” a wonderful star!
Like Bethlehem's star, ever blessed,
Wise men first beheld it, and followed it far,
This wonderful star of the west.

Then the voice of the multitude caught up the strain,
And spread the glad tidings afar;
And lo! they came flocking from valley and plain,
And millions came sailing across the wide main,
To follow this wonderful star.

O'er the towering heads of the forest kings
This radiant star rode, serene;
And, though they must traverse the dim, silent aisles,
Where savages lurk, and the sun seldom smiles
They follow its silvery sheen.

They dream of the homestead, with low, sheltering
eaves,
Where birds twitter sweet when the dawn
Kisses open the eyes of the loved ones they leave;
And many a heart for the fatherland grieves;
Still westward the star draws them on.

Vast plains stretch before them, like oceans at rest,
Whose petrified billows stood still
At the mandate of Him, who says, to the sea,
"Thus far shalt thou go and no farther," to be
Firm monuments, reared at His will.

Great rivers rush seaward, as hearts turn to home;
And vast mountains tower, in the might
Of their grandeur and strength they exultingly rise
And kiss, with bold lips, the holy blue skies
Where the wonderful star shines so bright.

Over their loftiest summits it soars,
While millions press on in the quest,
Till benignant it stands, its journeyings o'er,
Where the ocean of peace laves the uttermost shore
Of the wonderful land of the west.

Rejoice in your present, broad bountiful land,
By high hearts, and hopeful, possessed.
May your future as high as your mountain tops be;
Grow broad as your plains, so boundless and free;
Roll grand as your rivers, that rush to the sea;
Bring treasure as rich as your mines yield to thee,
Oh! wonderful land of the west.

—Harriet D. Castle.

THE WISDOM OF FOOLS

BY REV. J. H. BOMBERGER.

THERE lives a man in our town,
And he is wondrous wise.
He pigeonholes and tabulates,
Assorts and classifies.
In learned polysyllables
His soul luxuriates;
He has mastered nomenclature,
And nearly all the dates.
His shelves are full of specimens,
His head's a catalogue;
His boundless erudition
Doth all common minds befog.
The species and the genera
Of everything he knows,
But beyond their mere arrangement
His thinking never goes.

He stands upon a ladder
That leans against the stars,
But his only occupation
Is to count its rungs and bars.
He can find some fact of science
In the roadway's hardened clod,
But with all his erudition
He has never found his God.
Absorbed in cataloguing
The insects and the plants,
He has missed earth's implications,—
Nature's significance.

The bramble-bush of mental pride
Has scratched out both his eyes,
And he cannot read God's message
In the flowers or the skies.
Day unto day responsively
Proclaims a ruling Mind:
Night unto night is eloquent,—
But he is deaf and blind.
For all of nature's parables
Are far beyond his ken,
And hardly would the "burning bush"
Restore his eyes again.
For if he found the bush aflame,
With dull impiety
He'd make a memorandum of
"A new variety."

THE AMBULANCE.

A HUSH in the roar of the busy street ;
A pause in the surge of the hurrying feet ;
A galloping horse—four whirring wheels—
A tremor of haste that the whole earth feels—
The ambulance comes! Quick—let it pass!

Claiming its course with clang of gong,
Forcing a way through the surging throng—
That cross of red is its right of way,
Let man nor beast its speed delay.
Open a way and let it pass!

Only a question of life and death,
Read in the flow of the failing breath.
Only a life—such a trivial thing—
Only a trellis where fond hopes cling.
Here is the ambulance! Quick, make way!

Only an episode—one of a score—
Lost in the din and the rattle and roar;
A moment's pause in the scurrying throng,
And the querulous twang of a clamoring gong.
Out of the road! Make way, make way!

A trivial episode—yes, I know!
But the loveliest thing, wherever you go,
Is a touch of humanity, tender and true,
With a glimpse of man's brotherhood showing
through.
So out of the way, and let it pass!

Here's help for the battered and bleeding and torn,
Hope for the baffled and beaten and worn;

'Tis a herald of mercy with message of life;

Succor and safety, 'mid struggle and strife.

Quick to one side, there! Let it pass!

—John Carleton Sherman.

THE MILLER OF NORMANDY.

BY C. A. KEIFE.

PIERRE, the miller of Normandy,
Haughty, and proud of his wealth was he,
Proud of his houses, and proud of his gold,
Proud of the lands that were his to hold;
Proudest of all of his mill was he,
Pierre, the miller of Normandy.

Pierre, the miller of Normandy,
Spent not a sou upon charity.
Never the needy and famished poor
Blessed him for alms as they left his door.
“Beggars are liars and thieves,” said he,—
Pierre, the miller of Normandy.

Pierre, the miller of whom we tell,
Sat by his door as the even fell;
Saw a woman all bent with years,
Face deep furrowed by bitter tears,
Enter the gate by the chestnut tree,
And ask for the miller of Normandy.

Pierre, the miller of Normandy,—
Low before him she bent her knee,
Prayed him for money to buy some food
For a son who had ever been kind and good,
But now, in illness and poverty,
Craved food from Pierre of Normandy.

Pierre, the miller of Normandy,
Rose from his seat by the chestnut tree;
“Come not hither to weep and wail!
Fill other ears with thine idle tale!
What do I care for thy son or thee?”
Thus spoke the miller of Normandy.

She lifted her sunken and aged eyes,
And one palsied hand, to the evening skies.
“Not to me alone were the harsh words said,—
’Tis the Christ, who through me has asked for bread!
The Lord himself craved for charity,
And thou hast denied him, Pierre!” said she.

“Know, O miller of Normandy!
That the silver and gold are the Lord’s,” quoth she.
“And that men may remember the starving poor
Are sent by God to the rich man’s door.
My son will be helped, but not through thee,
Whom God will smite, Pierre of Normandy!”

Pierre, the miller of Normandy!
Long he sat ’neath the chestnut tree,
Pondered her promise with doubt and dread,
Pondered upon it all night, in bed;

Sleepless, at last from his couch rose he,—
Pierre, the miller of Normandy.

Pierre, the miller of Normandy,
Down to his mill, at the dawn, strolled he;
But an idle wheel and an empty race
Were left in that old familiar place,
For the river had changed its course, he found,
And its waters flowed underneath the ground.

Still, on a summer evening's sail,
The Norman fishers rehearse this tale;
And the Norman peasants point out the mill,
Ruined and worthless, beneath the hill.
Still does the river, with moaning sound,
Plunge into earth and flow underground.

Still, as of old in Normandy,
Christ, through his poor, claims charity.
Art thou poor? Bless God who has honored thee
By Christ's own estate—that of poverty!
Art thou rich? Then serve Him, nor seek to be
Like Pierre, the miller of Normandy.

—Sunday Afternoon.

MISS PERKINS, FROM MAINE.

BY EMMA EGGLESON.

THE Grundy County Institute was held the other
day
At the Baptist Church at Putnam, just thirteen miles
away;
And I thought I'd like to 'tend it, bein' how the day
was fine,
To see our modern teachers a formin' into line.

I'm strong on Eddication! Why, when I was a kid
You'd orter seen my 'Rithmetic and the hard old sums
I did!
I wras'led with my Jography, and managed Grammar
well,
And left off head most every night when we stood up
to spell.

If I writ a composition, I could whack it into rhyme,
And the town-committee wondered at its meter and
its time.

I walked straight through the Deestrick School, its
teachin's was so plain,
And finished at the 'Cademy, down in the State of
Maine.

I took five years of house-keepin', and five of mill'-
ner's work,
Then twenty years of fact'ry life where women cannot
shirk;

My head felt like a worn-out wheel a clatterin' in its
spokes,
So I thought I'd take a holiday, and come and see my
folks.

I came to Iowa, and found my sister's youngest girl;
Her cheeks were red as roses and her hair was all
a-curl;
She was Angelliny Gibson, a graduate from college,
A member of the Normal Class and full of Normal
knowledge.

And the Putnam folks had hired her to teach their
graded school,
In the Infantile department under Kindergarden
rule;
To give 'em object lessons, and learn 'em how to
count,
And draw out first-class wisdom directly from the
fount.

Angelliny's big Diplomy, in its anti-fresco frame,
Had an ornamental "Ph. D." a waitin' on her name.
Now I'd learned the 'breviations entirely by heart,
Knew Doctor of Divinity, and Bachelor of Art;

But here I found a stunner, and it sorto troubled me
That I couldn't tell the meaning of the title "Ph. D."
She give no explanation, though I hinted round
about;
So I went up to the Institute a-purpose to find out.

'Twas a great old day for Putnam, the Babtist Church
was full;
There was girls in plush and velvet, and men in plush
and wool;
A lady played the organ; she wore a sealskin cape,
And she cuffed the stops and banged the keys in dret-
ful desp-rate shape.

One teacher aired Di-dactics; one picked up broken
links;
One built a tower of History and filled up all the
chinks;
One chawed three sticks of gum at once; her jaws
worked up and down,
It 'minded me of the village pump in some old East-
ern town.

But Angelliny took the cake, her discourse led the
rest,
And I knew the Superintendent thought it was the
very best.
You could see the fires of Genus a blazin' in her
eyes,
And the flowers of Grundy County all wilted in sur-
prise!

The County Superintendent he was fitted for the
place;
His name was Philip Harmon, and he had a bonny
face;

He talked with Angelliny when the Institute was
done,
And said so many spicy things I can't remember one!
But when he tucked us in the sleigh, I caught a whis-
pered word,
'Twas "darling," and I felt ashamed because I'd over-
heard;
As quick as flash of lightning the truth broke over me,
That "Philip Harmon's Darling," for short, was
"Ph. D."

Mebbe I am old-maidish, but I think way back in
Maine,
They wouldn't put it into print and hang it in a
frame;
I'm glad my curiosity is satisfied and hushed,
And glad I didn't ask her, for I know she would have
blushed.

—Midland Monthly.

THE MOTHER OF AN ANGEL.

THE mother of an angel, she sat and wept all day,
And sorrow tore her as a wind that bloweth
every way,
And the bleeding heart within her cried out in woe
and pain
For the soft touch of baby arms she might not feel
again.

She laid her face upon the grave when autumn's
leaves were sere,
And whispered to the little one, who nevermore might
hear,
Nor thought that in the world above, full freed
from toils and bars,
One walked in fields of asphodels beyond the light
of stars.

The mother of an angel! Behold, her pleadings soared
Till they, breeze-like, moved the mighty lights that
flamed before the Lord,
And he listened compassionate, and said, "Her will
be done;
This night she holds before our sight the vanished
little one."

The mother of an angel, the soft snow fluttered down
And fell like gentle touches upon the tattered gown;
And the great winds moved about her, and night
crawled on apace,
But God had whispered to the soul close held in
death's embrace.

And in the courts of heaven, the light and love beside,
She held upon her blissful heart the baby that had
died;
And in the world men pitied her and wept—they
did not know
'Twas the mother of an angel they found there in
the snow.

—Theodosia Pickering, *Munsey's Magazine*.

THE MAN WITH THE HOE.

“God created man in His own image, in the image of God created
He him.”

BOWED by the weight of centuries; he leans
Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground,
The emptiness of ages in his face,
And on his back the burden of the world.
Who made him dead to rapture and despair,
A thing that grieves not and that never hopes,
Stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox?
Who loosened and let down this brutal jaw?
Whose was the hand that slanted back this brow?
Whose breath blew out the light within this brain?

Is this the Thing the Lord God made and gave
To have dominion over sea and land;
To trace the stars and search the heavens for power;
To feel the passion of Eternity?
Is this the Dream He dreamed who shaped the suns
And pillared the blue firmament with light?
Down all the stretch of Hell to its last gulf
There is no shape more terrible than this—
More tongued with censure of the world's blind
greed—
More filled with signs and portents for the soul—
More fraught with menace to the universe.

What gulfs between him and the seraphim!
Slave of the wheel of labor, what to him
Are Plato and the swing of Pleiades?

What the long reaches of the peaks of song.
The rift of dawn, the reddening of the rose?
Through this dread shape the suffering ages look;
Time's tragedy is in that aching stoop;
Through this dread shape humanity betrayed,
Plundered, profaned, and disinherited,
Cries protest to the Judges of the World,
A protest that is also prophecy.

O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,
Is this the handiwork you give to God,
This monstrous thing distorted and soul-quenched?
How will you ever straighten up this shape;
Touch it again with immortality;
Give back the upward looking and the light;
Rebuild in it the music and the dream;
Make right the immemorial infamies;
Perfidious wrongs, immedicable woes?

O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,
How will the Future reckon with this Man?
How answer his brute question in that hour
When whirlwinds of rebellion shake the world?
How will it be with kingdoms and with kings—
With those who shaped him to the thing he is—
When this dumb Terror shall reply to God,
After the silence of the centuries.

—Edwin Markham.

TEN LITTLE MICE WENT TO MARKET.

Recitation and Shadow Pantomime.

Stretch a plain white curtain very smoothly back of the drop curtain. Turn the lights low in the audience room and have a very bright light at the back of the stage. Dress ten very small children in any way so that their shadows on the white curtain will look like mice. Use padding, card board for ears and noses, rope for tails, etc. Mother Mouse larger.

THE mother mouse said, "It's market day,—
We'll go to the pantry store
And fill our baskets with nicer things
Than ever we had before."

[Silhouette.—Mother Mouse, with market basket on arm, followed by ten little mice. All walk erect. Smart and bold ones strut, frisky one frisks, mannerly one bows, etc.]

The greedy one said, "I'll fill myself
The first thing, I'll be bound;
And if I can't lift those luscious pies
I'll nibble them all around."

The sleek little mouse said, "I'll get crumbs."
The inquisitive one said, "Where?"
The shy one said, "Hist! somebody comes."
The bold one said, "I don't care!"

The frisky one said, "Oh, here's some flour!
Hurrah for a little fun!"

[They run and frisk, Mother Mouse walks along by side scenes, reaching up as if there were shelves and putting things in basket.]

They tracked it and trailed it all about,—
You ought to have seen them run.

The silly one said, "Now let's play ghost
And frighten the farmer's wife."
The cautious one said, "She'll cut off our tails
With her dreadful carving knife."

[Let choir, or single voice, as preferred, sing. Air, old round,
"Three Blind Mice:"]

Ten little mice; ten little mice;
See how they run; see how they run.
They'd best look out for the farmer's wife;
She'll cut their tails off with the carving knife.
Did you ever see such a sight in your life?
Ten little mice.

[Smart little mouse raises nose and sniffs.]

The smart little mouse said, "I smell cheese."
The inquisitive one said, "Where?" (All sniff.)
Smarty replied, with a sniff and sneeze,
In that little box over there. (Points.)

The mannerly mouse said, "Will you please
To help me to a share? (Bows.)
The Mother Mouse went down on her knees (kneels)
And begged them all to beware.

But Smarty said, "Pooh! she doesn't know;"
And popped in his little head. (Pops head behind
side scenes.)

The trap said "Click!" With a squeal and kick

[Squeal behind scenes.]

The smart little mouse was dead.

The Mother Mouse said, in deepest grief,

"Oh, nine little mourners, come!"

Each using a cobweb handkerchief

Nine sad little mice went home.

[Weeping procession passes off stage. Sing.]

One little mouse; poor little mouse!

He cannot run; he cannot run.

[Farmer's wife appears. Night dress, cap with wide frill, carving knife and candlestick.]

And here comes the dreadful farmer's wife

With her candlestick and her carving knife.

Did you ever see such a sight in your life?

Poor little mouse! (Curtain.)

Harriet D. Castle.



Suggestions for Arranging Silhouettes.

Curtain, same as in "Ten Little Mice."

Outline and enlarge the figures on stiff cardboard. Cut them out and fasten to a scantling. Bore holes in scantlings and insert slender braces to hold the figures erect, being careful to keep the brace behind some part of the figure. For instance, the goose might have an A shaped brace, the lower parts hidden by its legs.

Have the figures behind the scenes at one side of the stage. Fasten a small rope to the end of the scantlings. Draw the rope across the stage, letting it reach behind the scenes on the other side. Let some person pull in the rope, causing the figures to appear at one side, cross the stage and disappear at the others.

Have some one describe the figures as they appear.

TABLEAU.

Three-handed Minuet.

By Mother Goose, Mother Hubbard and the Old Man in Leather.

The old ladies wear very short-waisted dresses with sleeves tight at the top and flowing from the elbows. Very wide collars extending to the edge of the shoulders and to waist line. Large, steeple-crowned caps. Get large sheets of white paper at the printing office, cut a circle; the edge might be scalloped and pinked. Hold the center firmly and press down folds until you have a sufficiently high steeple crown. Place band around and flare out the remainder for a border. The border, or brim, should be six or seven inches wide. It may be necessary to wire the border to produce the flare. Lace caps well back on heads. Both wear large, old-fashioned glasses, slipped well down on the nose, and are smiling broadly.

Mother Goose carries a large, old fashioned feather fan.

The Old Man in Leather wears knee breeches, long hose, and shoes with large bows and buckles. A tunic with two points reaching half way to the knee. Tunic held in place by a leather belt. A short cloak, or cape, fastens at the throat and is flung back from the shoulders. A very wide full ruff about the neck. A gray wig stands out at the sides in abundant curls. He stands in the center (with one foot forward) holding Mother Goose and Mother Hubbard daintily by the finger tips; arms bent upward from the elbow. Mother Hubbard catches up her skirt, coquettishly, with the other hand.

MOTHER GOOSE IN
SILHOUETTES.



JACK AND JILL.

MOTHER GOOSE.

LITTLE BOY BLUE.



THE OLD WOMAN WHO LIVED IN A SHOE.

THE BACHELOR.

THE
OLD MAN IN
LEATHER
TAKING LEAVE
OF
MOTHER
HUBBARD.



J.C. GILBERT

FARCE.**IKEY'S STRATAGEM.****CHARACTERS AND COSTUMES.**

Aunt Charity Tarbox.—A neat maiden lady.

Ikey.—A mischievous boy of ten or twelve.

Brother Churchill.—A minister.

Daniel Small.—A Widower, with five "small" children, two boys, a girl and pair of twins. All have droll, neglected look.

John Chambers.—A bachelor.

SCENE FIRST.

[A neat kitchen with cook stove, etc. Aunt Charity brushes stove and dusts as she soliloquizes.]

Aunt Charity.—Well, I guess that woman's-right lecturer that lectured up to the red school house last night is about right, an' woman is the sooperier bein'. For instance, look at me! Here am I a runnin' my farm an' gittin' along as well as a man, if I do say it myself, an' nobody to help me but Ikey. A lone man might go on forever a-sayin', "Darn it!" to his socks, an' hitchin' his suspenders on with a crooked nail, an' git the dispepsy an' die, eatin' soggy bread an' drinkin' muddy coffee, an' be buried in the dirt on his kitchen floor. He couldn't git no woman to do for him; it wouldn't be proper, noways. But a woman can do her sewin' an' patchin', tidy up her house, cook good nourishin' vittles, an' hire a man to do the

outdoor work. There's where the sooperiority comes in.

Enter Ikey (breathless)—Oh, Aunt Charity! Aunt Charity! The pigs has all got out!

Aunt Charity.—My goodness! Hain't Billy come yet?

Ikey.—No mom. (Aunt C. claps on sunbonnet, runs out, followed by Ikey.)

Aunt C. (behind scenes)—Head 'em off, there, Ikey! Head 'em off. Here Shep! Here Shep!

(Enter Aunt C., holding side and breathing hard.)
—Well, I declare, I'm clean tuckered out! (Hangs up sunbonnet and sinks into chair.) *Such* a chase as I *have* had! an' all because that shiftless Billy Smith didn't half fix the fence. There's no dependin' on these men nohow. Good land! my beans is burnin'! (Runs to stove, snatches off kettle, raises lid.) Well, they're completely spoiled! They'll jest have to go in the swill. Maybe the pigs'll relish 'em arfter their little exercise. (Carries out kettle at right—re-enters.) Well, we can't have no porridge for dinner, an' no baked beans for Sunday, neither,—an' Ikey's so fond of 'em, poor dear. He'll jest have to put up with pumpkin pie, an' ginger bread an' fried cakes,—an' it's high time I was makin' 'em. (Steps into pantry at left,—starts back and holds up foot.) Good land! if that molasses I set to run h'ain't run all over the pantry floor! (Recrosses stage, walking on heel. Exit at right—re-enter at right, carrying pail and mop. Sets pail at pantry door—vigorous mopping

behind scenes—appears at door and wrings mop frequently.)

Enter Ikey (breathless)—Oh, Aunt Charity! Old Bill's pulled his halter so tight he's a chokin' to death!

Aunt C.—Oh, dear! dear! (Runs across stage to right, dragging mop after her—calls back:) Bring the butcher knife, Ikey. (Ikey rushes into pantry—reappears with butcher knife—runs out at right.)

Aunt C. (re-enters, limping)—Well, that came very near bein' the last of Old Bill. If I was a man an' couldn't tie a horse better'n that I'd git some woman to show me how. I'm afraid this kick, the poor old fellow gave me, is goin' to be pretty sore. Perhaps I'd better bathe it with arnica. (Limps into pantry—returns with large bottle—seats herself with back to audience—sets bottle on floor at side—hangs shoe on chair post—stocking on chair back—takes cork from bottle—pours into hand and rubs several times—puts on stocking and shoe—takes bottle into pantry—carries mop-pail out at right.) Well, now I wonder if I'm goin' to be permitted to git at that bakin'. (Puts kettle, with fried cakes in it, on stove, brings molding-board, pan of flour, with dough in it, rolling-pin, etc. Rolls dough.) Deary me, how fond my old sweetheart, John Chambers, used to be of fried cakes,—an' he used to say no one could hold a candle to me fer makin' 'em. (Cuts and twists cakes.) S'pose it ain't jest the thing fer a sooperier woman to do, but I never make 'em, in the world, but what I think of him an' feel kinder gone at the pit of

my stumick. He's a keepin' old baches' hall, an' I don't s'pose ever tastes a decent fried cake. I've been tempted, time an' agin, to send him my reseet; (Drop dough cakes in at one side of kettle and take out fried ones) but he'd be sure to spile 'em a fryin'. He allers was sort of awkward. I s'pose if he hadn't been kinder stiff necked, an' sot in his way, an' I hadn't been sort of conterary, an' high-sperrited, he might be eatin', an' praisin' these very fried cakes. (Sighs.) Oh, well, I s'pose it's a wise dispensation of Providence.

(Enter Ikey, breathless.) Oh, Aunt Charity! old Brindle's fast in the barb-wire fence!

Aunt C.—Well what next? (Sets down pan of cakes—runs out. Re-enter Aunt C. with blood-stained handkerchief tied over one eye, and Ikey with torn jacket and trousers.)

Aunt C.—It's my candid opinion that barb-wire fences are *barberous*, an' an invention of the evil one. There's old Brindle all cut up, to say nothin' of my scratches, an' them clothes of yourn, that ought to do good service for six months yit, jest ruined. I wonder what's become of that good-fer-nothin' Bill Smith. He had ought to been here long ago.

Ikey (helping himself to friedcake)—Oh, Auntie, I forgot to tell you. He sent word he wa'n't a-comin'. He's a-goin' to the shootin' match.

Aunt C.—Goin' to the shootin' match! Goin' to the shootin' match! I s'pose it's very necessary an' important that he should go to the shootin' match. Well, I ain't a-goin' to no shootin' match, but I'm

a-goin' to *fire him*, fer good an' all (goes to stove). Here's my grease all cold, an' the fire out, an' not a stick of wood to finish my bakin' with. Well, I s'pose a woman ought to be ekel to, an' sooperier to all emergencies. Come on, Ikey. We'll jest cut an' saw that wood ourselves. (Exit—Ikey eating friedcake.)

Scene II.

A PANTOMIME.

Aunt C., with bandaged eye and sunbonnet, sawing wood. Ikey chopping. Saw runs very hard. Aunt C. examines edge. Ikey also examines edge. Ikey goes off on run. Returns with large whetstone. Aunt C. whets saw. Saw runs harder than before. They exchange work. Ikey tries saw. Aunt C. tries ax. Appears to cut foot. Flings aside ax, sits down and grasps foot. Ikey runs to her assistance. Curtain.

Scene III.

Evening—Aunt C. in rocking chair on one side of stove, eye still bandaged, bandaged foot on chair. Ikey on opposite side of stove with table, lamp and writing materials.

Aunt C.—This has been a dretful day, Ikey! a *dretful* day! We've got to have some one to help us right away; an' as I don't know where to look fer nobody, I think it would be best to put a little advertisement in the newspaper. But you'll hev to write it, Ikey. I can't see very well with one eye, an' I don't feel no ways ekel to it nohow. You write a

good hand, Ikey; I guess you ken do it as well as I ken.

Ikey (with importance)—Certainly, Aunt Charity. I don't mind a little thing like that. Don't the lawyers begin 'em something like this? "Know all men by these presents"—

Aunt C.—Seems to me that sounds a little too solemn like. I ain't a-makin' my will yit,—not by considabul. Git the newspaper, Ikey, an' see how some of 'em begins.

Ikey (reads with great dignity)—Here's one that says: "They all come back!"

Aunt C.—Mercy knows I don't want all them good-fer-nothin' men to come back! They've nearly pestered the life out of me, now.

Ikey—Here's one that says, "I Pop the Question."

Aunt C.—Well, I shan't do *that*, nohow.

Ikey (aside)—That's it! That's just what she had ought to do! She don't want no hired man; they ain't none of 'em good fer nothin'. She wants a husband! (Resumes reading.)—Here's a place where it says, "Wanted, Wanted, Wanted," clear down the hull row.

Aunt C.—Well, read a little. Let's see what's wanted so much.

Ikey (reads)—"Wanted—A girl to do general housework. Must be stiddy an' reliable. Protestant preferred. Apply to Mrs. C—— J——, Second Avenue."

Aunt C.—That's it, Ikey! Why couldn't we word it like that? only jest say a *man* fer general *farm*

work, an' a *Methodist* preferred; an' apply to Charity Tarbox, Clumps Corners.

Ikey—I thought I'd find the right thing, Aunt Charity. (Aside)—Jiminy! won't I fix it? (Writes laboriously.) There, I've got it all writ, Aunt Charity,—plain as a lawyer.

Aunt C.—Read it over, Ikey, an' see if it's all right.

Ikey (reads)—Wanted: A man to do general farm work. Must be stiddy an' reliable. Methodist preferred. Apply to Charity Tarbox, Clumps Corners.

Aunt C.—Well, that's all right, I guess. Now jump on old Dolly, Ikey, an' take it down to the print-in' office, sost they'll be sure to git it in this week's paper.

Ikey—All right, Aunt Charity. It takes us to push business. (Aside to audience just before leaving stage)—This is the way I writ it: "Wanted—A *husband* to do general farm work." (Sticks tongue in cheek, winks.) H'ain't that old business? (Curtain.)

Scene IV.

Aunt C. in rocking chair, beside stove, patching Ikey's pants. Rap at door.

Aunt C.—Wonder who that is so arly in the arfternoon. (Smooths hair and apron, goes to door.)

Ikey (aside, peering from scenes)—Jiminy! if it h'ain't the preacher! Wonder if he's seen the advertisement.

Aunt C.—Why, good arfternoon, Brother Churchill. Set up to the fire. It's gittin' sort of chilly like.

Brother C.—Yes, there are slight premonitions of the approaching dissolution of the year.

Aunt C. (doubtfully and respectfully)—Y-e-e-s, sir!

Ikey (aside)—Wonder if he h'ain't got dislocation of the jaw.

Brother C.—How are you prospering with your farming, Sister Tarbox?

Aunt C.—Oh, jest midlin', Brother Churchill. The fact is I can't find a hired man that's worth his keepin'. They pester me nearly to death.

Brother C.—I understand the situation, sister, and sympathize with you in your affliction.

Aunt C.—Thank you kindly, Brother Churchill. A sympathizin' word, now an' then, does a body a world of good.

Brother C.—And this tribulation, I suppose is exegetical of your rather unusual advertisement?

Ikey (aside)—Oh, jiminy! he seen it!

Aunt C.—Did you see it? Wa'n't it all right?

Brother C.—Ahem—well—I was gratified to see that you gave the preference to your own denomination.

Aunt C.—Yes, Protestants may be all right, but I thought I'd feel more to hum with a Methodist.

Brother C.—Quite proper and commendable, sister; indeed I may say this commendable feature of your advertisement predisposed me to call upon you to-day.

Aunt C.—I'm glad you approve of it, Brother Churchill. I thought maybe I hadn't ort to mix re-

ligion up with advertisin'. Did you think of any one you thought would suit me?

Brother C.—Ahem—well, sister, I thought perhaps *I* might prove acceptable to you in that capacity.

Ikey (whistles)—Whew, if he ain't a poppen' the question!

Aunt C. (somewhat dazed)—Which?

Ikey (doubling himself and laughing)—He, he, he, Aunt Charity don't catch on!

Brother C. (blandly)—I thought perhaps you would wish to engage me, sister.

Ikey (groaning)—Oh, won't I have to learn the catechism!

Aunt C. (astonished)—Good land, Brother Churchill! the wages wouldn't suit you, nohow. I ain't payin' very high wages.

Brother C.—You are pleased to be facetious, sister. The enjoyment of a peaceful rural home and your most excellent housekeeping would be ample compensation.

Ikey (aside)—An' her *cookin'*. My, you ort to see him eat!

Aunt C.—But you couldn't do my work an' tend to the preachin' an' visitin'! You ain't strong enough, an' you wouldn't hev time, no way.

Brother C. (somewhat embarrassed)—Ahem—I feel somewhat spent with the burden and heat of the day, sister, and thought perhaps I might rest from my labors for a season.

Aunt C.—What! Quit preachin'?

Brother C. (still more embarrassed)—Ahem—yes, sister.

Aunt C. (indignantly)—I'm a plain spoken' woman, Brother Churchill, an' I must say it seems to me a man h'ain't no business to hire out to work fer the Lord an' go back on his bargain. The Scriptor says we mustn't put our hand to the plow an' not look back; an' a man that'll do it when he's a workin' in the Lord's vineyard won't suit me no way. I want my furrers run straight.

Brother C. (rising stiffly)—I am not accustomed to being addressed in such disrespectful language, Charity Tarbox. But what else could I expect from a woman who would insert such a bold, immodest advertisement as that?

Aunt C.—I've always been a decent, respectable woman, an' any one that says I h'ain't ken take himself off in a hurry. (Points to door—exit Brother C.—Ikey capers—dog barks behind scenes.)

Ikey (aside)—That's right, Shep! Let's sing the *dogsology*.

Aunt C. (picks up work, sews)—My days, I never was so flustered in all my life! I've allers respected Brother Churchill as a minister, an' eddicated man, an' here I've been a turnin' him out of doors. Maybe I was a leetle hasty. Wonder if there *was* anything wrong about that advertisement. I can't see why it ain't jest as proper to *advertise* fer a man as it is to ask him by word of mouth.

Ikey (aside)—I'll tell him I writ it. (Knock at door.)

Aunt C. (nervously)—Wonder if he's come back!

Ikey (aside)—It's Daniel Small an' all his *small* childern!

Aunt C. (opening door)—Why, good arfternoon, Mr. Small. Walk in, childern. Come right to the fire. You look most froze.

Mr. S.—It's gittin' right sharp.

Aunt C. (seats them by stove—twins begin to whimper)—I shouldn't wonder if they was hungry, poor dears. (Goes into pantry—gives twins fried cakes.)

Mr. S. (smiling)—I always thought you'd make a good step-mother, Miss Tarbox

Ikey (groaning)—I'd rather she'd had the parson.

Oldest Boy—Gimme a fried cake, too!

Next Boy—Me, too!

Older Girl—I like fried cakes.

Aunt C.—Of course you do. Who ever saw a child that didn't? (Brings out pan—gives children cakes.)

Mr. S.—They know good vittles when they see 'em; an' that ain't *very* often, sence my poor Betsey Jane died.

Aunt C. (passing pan)—Maybe you'd take one, too, Mr. Small.

Mr. S.—Thankee, I don't care if I do.

Ikey (aside)—Me, too!

Mr. S. (sighing)—This tastes jest like my poor Betsey Jane's fried cakes.

Aunt C.—Yes, Miss Small was a good cook an' tidy

housekeeper. It seems a great pity she hed to be taken. It was a sad dispensation of Providence.

Mr. S. (sighing deeply)—Yes, there's no disputin' Providence. Now I says to myself, when I saw your advertisement in the newspaper, this mornin', "That's a direct pintin' of the finger of Providence."

Oldest Boy—Gimme another fried cake. (Chorus of "Me, too's." Aunt C. gives cakes.)

Mr. S.—Now do be quiet, children. Me an' Miss Tarbox wants to talk. (Boys try on Ikey's pants, girl upsets Aunt C.'s workbasket, twins pull off table-spread, and all get into all sorts of mischief during talk.)

Mr. S.—Says I to myself, "Here am I a poor lone man with no one to look arfter me an' the children; an' there's Miss Tarbox a poor lone woman with no one to look after that nice farm of hern. Now as our farms jine I might jest as well look arfter both of 'em as not, an' I'll go right over an' offer myself to Miss Tarbox."

Aunt C.—Well, I declare, I never thought of that! I believe it would be a pretty good plan. I'd feel so much easier in my mind to have a stiddy family man to look arfter things, instid of one of them harrum-scarrum young fellers.

Ikey (aside)—Oh, jiminy! She's a goin' to say yes!

Mr. S. (smiling and hitching chair toward Aunt C.)—I'm real glad you think favorable of it, Charity. I thought you would.

Aunt C. (spies boys shearing cat's back with

shears—have toy cat and kittens in low basket beside stove)—Boys! boys! don't cut that cat's fur! Poor kitty!

Oldest Boy (doggedly, still shearing)—It don't hurt her none.

(Aunt C. rises with decision—takes shears—hangs them up.)

Mr. S.—That's right, Charity. You see they sadly need a mother's care an' trainin'. Now, boys, you go right straight home! Straight now, mind you, an' no mischief. (Boys go, pausing to make face at Aunt C. before leaving stage.)

Mr. S. (hitching chair toward Aunt C.)—Well, Charity, my dear, I s'pose there'll be a good many little perlimernaries to settle. When would you want me to come over?

Aunt C.—Why, right away, I s'pose. It's pretty hard on Ikey an' me gittin' along alone. I'm 'fraid he's doin' moren's good fer him. It don't do to work a growin' boy too hard.

Mr. S.—No, but they ken do a good many turns without hurtin' 'em a mite. It don't do to be *too* tender of 'em.

(Ikey groans—girl and twins at cat's basket—mewing of kittens behind scenes.)

Aunt C.—Don't hurt the kittens, children!

Girl (takes kitten from box—strikes)—Walk, there!

Aunt C.—It can't walk. It's too young.

Girl—Well, it's got to learn to walk sometime. Might's well begin. (Twins both pull another kitten

and scream. Aunt C. with haste and determination puts kittens in basket—carries out basket—much mewling—oldest girl sulks and kicks over chair—twins whimper and rub knuckles in eyes.)

Mr. S.—I s'pose you'll find the children sort of troublesome at first, Charity; but you'll soon git used to 'em. They ain't bad, only chuck full of mischief, an' wantin' a woman's care. (Children stray into pantry.)

Aunt C.—Yes, I see. I feel real sorry fer you, Mr. Small.

Mr. S. (hitching toward her)—I knew you would, Charity. I brought 'em along a purpose. I thought they'd kinder appeal to your woman's heart. It's a good thing your house is as big as your heart or there wouldn't be room fer us all. Shall I bring 'em over to-morrow?

Aunt C. (astonished)—Why! you don't expect me to have all them young ones over here, do you, Daniel Small?

Mr. S.—Why, certainly, my dear Charity. You wouldn't expect me to forsake my poor motherless little ones, would you?

Aunt C.—Of course not. It would be a mighty *small* trick in you. But no more you can't expect *me* to have 'em over *here*. (Crash of breaking dishes in pantry—children scream—Aunt C. rushes in—comes out driving children before her.)

Aunt C.—That's a leetle *too* much! all my best chaney broke all to smash! I don't believe there's a hull cup an' sasser left! My patience is clear worn

out! Take these children home, Daniel Small, an' don't you ever bring 'em here agane.

Mr. S. (stiffly)—Certainly, Miss Tarbox, an' I'll have nothin' more to do with a woman that turns poor motherless children out of doors. But what could be expected of a woman that wrote such an advertisement as *that*?

(Exit Mr. S. and children.)

Ikey (aside)—Good! That engagement's *broke* off!

Aunt C.—What *do* they all mean by talkin' 'sif that advertisement was somethin' dretful? Well, I think I'd better tidy up a bit. Things look 'sif a cyclone hed struck 'em. (Tidies kitchen—goes into pantry—sound of sweeping and rattling of dishes—crosses stage with basket and dustpan full of broken dishes—goes out at right—comes in with cat's basket—sets in place.) There, you poor dears; you're jest shakin' with cold. I feel 'sif I'd like to shake them childern! My chaney set jest ruined! I s'pose I'd ought to be ashamed to let my temper get the better of me so. That advertisement's goin' to git me into a quarrel with the hull neighborhood, I'm afraid. (Seats herself—takes up work—rap at door.)

Ikey (aside)—Here comes her old sweetheart!

Aunt C.—I hope I ain't goin' to hear no more about that advertisement. (Opens door—stands in speechless astonishment.)

Ikey (aside)—He, he, he, she's struck speechless!

John Chambers (stepping in)—Good arfternoon, Charity.

Aunt C. (gasping)—Good arfternoon, John.

John C.—If you've no objections, Charity, I'll set by your fire a spell.

Aunt C.—Oh, yes, I'm glad to have ye—er—er—that is, the fire feels warm this weather.

John C. (aside)—Something *is* the matter. I've felt worried about her ever since I saw that advertisement. (To Aunt C.)—It's been quite a spell since I set by your fire, Charity.

Aunt C.—Y-e-e-s, John. Now don't mind me. I'm all upset this arfternoon! (Puts apron to eyes.)

John C. (goes to her and pats shoulder)—Now don't cry, Charity! If I hadn't been such a pig-headed fool, an' so sot in my way, you might have been a-sittin' by *my* fire these fifteen years back.

Aunt C.—It wa'n't all your fault, John; I was sassy an' high strung.

John C. (putting arm around shoulders)—Well, let by-gones be by-gones, Charity. I guess we've both learned to bear an' forbear. (Aunt C. leans against him and cries.) I've been dretful worried about ye. I didn't know I did set so much store by ye yit, till I saw that advertisement.

Aunt C. (aside in dismay)—Now, have I got to quarrel with John agane?

Ikey (aside)—I'm goin' to tell how I writ it!

John C. (continuing)—I thought maybe you'd gone kind of crazy, or something; I guess, too, I was afraid some other man 'ud git ye. (Stamping and shuffling at door. Aunt C. straightens up—J. C. steps away a little—enter Ikey.)

Ikey—Say, Auntie, I didn't write that advertisement *jest* as you told me to.

Aunt C.—You didn't? Well, how did you write it?

Ikey—I didn't say, "Wanted. A *man* to do general farm work;" I said, "Wanted. A *husband*."

Aunt C. (raising both hands)—Why, Isaac Nathaniel Tarbox! What *will* the neighbors say?

J. C.—Haw, haw, haw! (Puts arm around Aunt C.)—Never mind what the neighbors say, Charity. I guess we can stand it.

Ikey—What's the diff, Auntie? Ain't a husband a man?

J. C.—Certainly, Ikey. When I'm her husband I'll try my best to be her good man.

Ikey (turns summersault)—Good fer you, Uncle John! I was awful 'fraid she'd marry the parson; or that Small man an' all his *small* children. Say, Auntie, be there any fried cakes left?

Aunt C. (bashfully)—I guess so, Ikey, dear. You might bring out the pan. You used to be so fond of 'em, John.

J. C.—I'm jest as fond of 'em as ever, an' of you, too, Charity. (Ikey passes cakes.)

Ikey—Take one, Auntie. You must feel kinder faint. Say now, Auntie, honor bright, ain't you glad I writ it that way?

Aunt C.—Well, as I believe in speakin' the truth, I must say I be. (Curtain.)

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